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## Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

### Striking Difference In The Fees Of Native-Bred And Imported Stallions

THE NATIONAL STALLION ROSTER which appeared in last week's Chronicle was a most interesting and valuable compilation. It is my belief that many readers will preserve it for reference and keep it at hand until, a year hence, the time comes for its successor to be published.

The information which it includes cannot otherwise be obtained except by the process of much research and the consultation of many different authorities and in most instances these are not within reach of the general run of horsemen.

There are many features of this list that invite comment, but this time I shall single out but one of them.

That concerns the striking differences between the stud-fees demanded for the leading native-bred and imported stallions. Also those belonging to the native-bred, as opposed to the imported, male lines.

Here is a list of those whose fee is \$1,000 or over—I may say, however, that in arranging it I have gone a bit outside The Chronicle roster, as it does not state the fees of those which are marked as "Book Full". There are several such horses in my list.

- \*Alibhai—\$1,000.
- \*Bahram—\$2,500.
- \*Bimelech—\$1,000.
- \*Blenheim 2d—\$2,500.
- \*Boojum—\$1,500.
- \*Bull Dog—\$1,500.
- \*Challenger 2d—\$1,000.
- \*Eight Thirty—\$1,000.
- \*Grand Slam—\$1,000.
- \*Mahmoud—\$2,500.
- \*Menow—\$1,000.
- \*Seabiscuit—\$2,500.
- \*Sickle—\$1,000.
- \*Sir Gallahad 3d—\$1,500.
- \*Sweeping Light—\$1,000.
- \*War Admiral—\$1,000.

There are 16 stallions in the above list.

Of these 9 are imported and 7 are native-bred.

But of the 7 native-bred ones, but 4 represent our old-established and wonderfully successful native lines.

These being, Boojum (Ben Brush); Bimelech (Domino); Grand Slam and War Admiral (Fair Play).

But it remains to be said that one of the quartet occupies an anomalous status.

This is Boojum. He is practically incapable of getting mares with foal. Now 16 years old, he has but a handful of living offspring. One of these,

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## ARAPAHOE HUNT

Route 1, Box 62,  
Littleton,  
Colorado.  
Established 1929.  
Recognized 1934.

December started us off on gas rationing, and it is encouraging to say we have not yet lost a member of the hunt on that account, in spite of the long distances we have to travel out here. By sharing rides, occasionally with the horses in the van, we have all been able to get out on weekends, and most of us on the weekday hunt.

The first Sunday was a very cold day, and with the thermometer at 21, we jogged out of the stable yard remembering the previous week's record run. Hounds picked up a line and worked up to the Wildcat Road without checking, but going so slowly, we were barely out of a trot. Scent was very poor, and though a coyote was viewed not twenty yards ahead of the pack, the hounds were not able to pick up his line. Luckily, it became stronger as the morning progressed and we had a ten minute burst from the Tower Lake into the Pollack and along the fence going south. Hounds checked, though, at the top of the hill, and were not able to pick up the line again.

Thursday, a view in the Pollack and scent was good. Hounds ran up the Anticline and checked. A coyote was seen north near the pond; hounds were put on his line, and ran across the Wildcat Road, straight to the Pinnacles, over the first and headed east, where hounds lost after 45 minutes of running. One and one

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## BLUE RIDGE HUNT

Millwood, Clarke county,  
Virginia.  
Established 1888.  
Recognized 1904.

During December The Blue Ridge Hunt and Rock Hill Hounds had to contend with the elements. Of 18 fixtures carded, only 10 could be kept, to which we added one bye-day. Scent was none too good, but there were no blank days, several very good hunts, and one that will rank among the best of the season. This was on December 9th when hounds met at Killdee at noon on a warmish day with the wind in the south. Miss Wheeler's woods and the coverts near Caveland were drawn blank and hounds were then taken across the pike into Pagebrook. At about the same time the wind shifted into the northwest and the temperature began to drop. Hounds found in the Pagebrook woods and ran west and then northwest at a tremendous pace, passing just east of the Killdee house and then up and down the hills on the east bank of the Opequon. The field was pretty well strung out by now and when we reached the Senseny road, the only ones to be seen beside the hunt staff were the Master and Richard Dole, recently sworn in as a member of the Army Air Corps. As hounds swung east on the Humston farm, we were joined by Dr. Birch and J. W. Lewis and as we rode parallel to the line, we viewed our fox not three hundred yards ahead of the pack. Still keeping north of the Senseny road, he crossed the old lane and deliberately ran through a herd

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## LOST HOUNDS

### A Day In Ireland

By DeCOURCY WRIGHT

Little gray houses lining a muddy road, green fields smiling beneath gray clouds, and misty rain veiling the distant view; such was the Irish village.

People standing on the side-walk, others leaning out of windows, and children holding smaller children by their dirty little hands, gazed with wide-open eyes as grooms arrived with horses, and motor cars drew up along the road-side.

Men busily got into red coats and women cast aside top-coats so as to appear in smart riding-habits, despite the drizzling rain. In a little by-way making off from the high-road, twenty couples of demure looking fox-hounds stood about or sat upon their haunches in the road, while two well-dressed and well-mounted whips stood guard about them.

The meet itself, that is to say, when everybody connected with the hunt is huddled together, in and about the village, is a social affair, providing opportunity for casual conversation, gossip, witticisms, and the transaction of no inconsiderable amount of business. People did not bother to call one another by telephone yesterday for they were sure to see each other at the meet today.

The Master, who hunts hounds himself, bears much of the expense, and acts as patron saint to the whole business, was for a few minutes engaged in earnest conversation with a weather-beaten old figure of a man. From chance words let fall it may be surmised that somebody had been complaining about

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## Steeplechasing

### History Of 'Chasing, Perhaps Dates Back More Than A Century And A Quarter

While steeplechasing seems to be only a matter of 125 years of age, if the rather obscure records that can be unearthed are complete, yet it is hard to give any very definite history of the sport in the early days. The famous writer Barcardine, who writes for the Irish Field and other sporting papers of which august fraternity The Chronicle prides itself in belonging though not honored by that writer, admits that he has spent years trying to inform himself of the early days of the sport, both in England and Ireland with scant results.

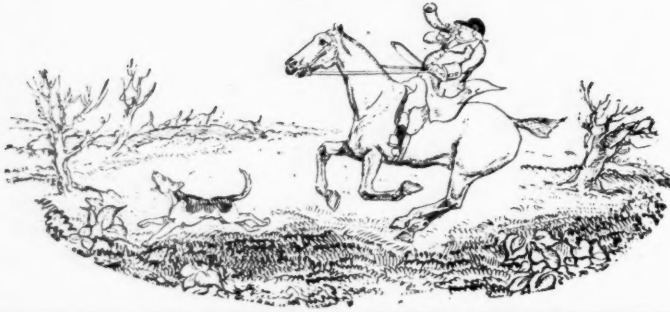
Most of the earlier prints of the sport seem to have been at St. Albans in England, in the 1820's. This cathedral town, not so far north of London in Hertfordshire, housed the good publican Thomas Coleman, who kept the Turf Hotel there. He it was who converted the impromptu races over unmarked courses into the St. Albans' Steeplechase, and made it an annual affair. While there may have been and probably was a good deal of steeplechasing in both England and Ireland prior to this time, yet there is no record of it, other than a smattering of hearsay.

In these days we speak of, there were no rules, or organization to govern the sport and the Jockey Club refused to touch it. In fact it took forty years before the National Hunt Committee became organized, and started to function. Of writings, "Sporting Magazine", which occasionally gave reports of races, was the only one of its kind dealing with the sport of racing. J. C. Apperley, who wrote under the name of "Nimrod", and who was most adept at this portrayal of truth and fiction about the horses as they were then used in sports, and especially hunting, was the principal writer for this magazine. He, however, never failed to belittle and even use abusive language about steeplechasing.

However, about the 1820's, there was founded "Bell's Life in London", which began to report such steeplechasing as there was. These events grew from then on so rapidly that "Bell's" had to utilize quite a bit of space for the reports of the various events and their outcomes and very often it ran quite well-written accounts of the doings, in the principal events. Maybe there was some ground for the bad odor in which the sport dwelt, for it was the happy hunting ground of the worst kind of dealer. However, living up to the adage that "might is right", these were gradually replaced by the better class of

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# Hunting Notes:-



## TO THE MASTERS

We ask you to send in notes to the BERRYVILLE office each week. Hunting men away in the service read their Chronicle, we send it to them.

## Getting More Out Of Present Hounds

BY SGT. B. P. MUELLER

### Preface and Introduction

In these trying times of small packs, reduced staffs and limited finances, with so many professionals in the Service, there are no doubt many gentlemen hunting their own packs, and for the first time.

Some of my own experiences might be helpful due to the fact that I have for the past few years been confronted with conditions similar to those of the present. I don't feel qualified to set myself up as an authority on hounds, but I do feel that now, more than ever, there should be more emphasis on hound work—more on quality, less on quantity—getting more out of present hounds. Perhaps my ideas on the subject will open a discussion through the pages of the "Chronicle" in which professionals and more experienced gentlemen could help the men newer at the game by presenting their ideas so that all could benefit there from.

A short introduction might be appropriate here. At present I am flying for Uncle Sam, but before entering the service at the close of the last hunting season, I was huntsman of the Wythemore Hunt Club at Long Green, Maryland.

Like many men who will be hunting hounds for the duration, I didn't learn my trade in the time-honored way of apprenticeship from stable, to whipper-in, to huntsman. I had the nonprofessional start of owning and hunting my own hounds. I did so for five years near Memphis, Tennessee, first on rabbits, then on drags and fox, afoot and mounted. Two full seasons of this time I took my hounds to Minnesota, where I hunted the last organized pack in the state, The Pine Tree Drag Hounds, successor to the Hermstead Hunt and the Fort Snelling Drag. When the club disbanded I went East and was fortunate enough to locate with the Wythemore Club. There I was given a free hand with the hounds in spite of my limited experience in fox hunting. I was with the Wythemore Club the last three seasons and I am very grateful to that club for the opportunity it gave me to practice my methods and increase my knowledge of fox hunting.

### One Form of Hunting Aids Another

I am sure my years of hunting rabbit hounds and drag packs was a good foundation for fox hunting. Of course one has to recognize the

differences between the two types and be adaptable to necessary changes of methods, but most of the principles are the same. It is a more concentrated training for the reasons that one is usually closer to the hounds, can see more of their work and have a much greater opportunity to handle hounds than while fox hunting.

In Tennessee I saw a great variety of hounds hunted by many different men. While it wasn't hunt-club hunting, it was a basic sort of hunting where the men got the most out of their hounds. They were after meat or fur and didn't tolerate any faults in hounds that would hinder their purpose. They all hunted hounds single-handed and got results. I have copied their methods where it was practical.

Every huntsman has his ideal, a mental picture of what he wants his hounds to do. He wants pack work, control, manners and so forth. Of course no one has reached perfection, in fact that would take a lot out of the game. It is the learning and the satisfaction of progress that keeps the sport alive and interesting.

### Pick The Faults To Be Corrected

It is too late this season to discuss entering young hounds, but it is never too late to train, try to improve, and get the most out of present packs.

Lack of experienced staff help, or correction, will allow more than the usual amount of faults to develop in hounds. So with these small war-time packs, the question of which faults in a hound are serious enough to warrant drafting the hound is doubly important. Also what, if anything, can be done to overcome various faults.

With the amount of drafting done at the end of last season, the hounds that started this season should be nothing but the best, but hounds that do have faults, or develop them, will show up more in a small pack and also have the opportunity to do more harm. With the coming small entries it is going to be hard to put hounds down as freely as before.

One short cut I would suggest for finding these faults, and correcting them as much as possible, is to use an occasional drag trail. A carefully laid, realistic pure fox drag (no anise added) using the faintest scent they can follow, will show just what hounds are doing, and is a real

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## Hunting In Ireland Still Goes Strong In Spite Of War

From the Irish Field of last November, their Hunting Supplement gives us a clear picture of how the sport is going in that island where hunting and horses always have and always will take the foremost spot. The paper is sent to this office by that indefatigable worker for the Chronicle and Chroniclers, Harry Worcester Smith.

For this season, there are 2 Stag-hound packs, the County Down, hunting 14 1-2 couples, Belfast and Ballynahinch are the nearest towns, at the latter place is some of the best salmon fishing in Ireland by the way. The famous Ward Union hunts 17 couples out of Dublin country.

There are listed 25 Foxhound packs, hunting altogether 542 couples, an average of about 21 1-2 couples. Looking over these we find names that are tradition in the world of hunting, such as the Galway Blazers, with 25 couples; the Kilkenny with 30 couples; the Meath with 20 couples; Scarteen (The Black and Tans) with 23 couples; Tipperary with 45 couples; and so on they go, galloping packs all of them.

Then we find 23 packs of Harriers, hunting 293 couples all told, an average of almost 13 couples apiece.

This gives Ireland 50 packs hunting, with a total of 866 1-2 couples of hounds, quite a number for a small island almost within reasonable flying distance of the war front of Europe. A great people the Irish.

Under an article headed "The Season's Prospects considered" The Field says:—"There are people who maintain that the only 'sports' are hunting, fishing and shooting, that a great deal that passes for sport in the columns of the newspapers nowadays really should be described as 'games', or 'pastimes'. Tradition is on the side of those who argue thus". It is stated that in 1838-39 there were 128 packs in the Emerald Isle, and last year there were 70. "Transport has become a more serious problem than at any time since the motor-car gained its popularity. Hunt memberships have decreased as a result of men and women going into the services, or other war work. The country also is left a little 'blind'. It is natural that many reports should refer to the trouble about transport, but it is done in no spirit of complaint; the trouble is one that must be faced philosophically and overcome by returning to the ways of travel that were the only ones known to our grandfathers, when hunting in Ireland was even more lively and more wide spread than it is today."

And that is why Ireland is Ireland, where hunting will always be the king of sport with the people who in so many cases have chosen to make our America their home. Indeed we are fortunate to have them. Their tradition has come with them, their charm will never be lost over here where it is appreciated, whether following hounds or in the many walks of life where Irishmen have now become so real a part of the American nation: Americans themselves now and for the rest of their lives and the generations that will follow them, in the same tradition of sport.

NOTE:—Harry Worcester Smith's old pack, the Westmeath, with 21 1-4 couples is still going strong. It is the country that he hunted with his

## COLUMBIA HUNT CLUB

Hayden Island, Portland, Oregon. Established 1929. Registered 1940.



Dec. 27, 1943. Weather and lots of it on the days preceding the hunt Dec. 27th no doubt was responsible for the small field which turned out on that Sunday. However, three's a crowd they say, and those brave energetic souls who did get out were amply rewarded with one of the best hunts yet. The skies almost cleared and not a drop of rain fell and a grand time was had by all. There's always something martyr-like about being one of a small field out in spite of all odds and the hunt seems better than ever each time the details are related to those who missed it. We all rode well up and had an excellent chance to watch the hounds. The staff was missing, Gaddis K. Cavenah, Whipper-in, who last week left for the Army. Members of the staff entertained at a stag on the 19th for him and he left on the 21st. Here's wishing Gaddis loads of luck and reminding him that not a hunt will go out that we won't think of him and the other absent members who are now in the Armed Forces.

Word has been received that R. H. "Bud" Wood, ex-M. F. H. of Columbia, was inducted into the Army last week also and we are anxiously awaiting more news concerning both him and G. K.

Last Sunday saw the construction start on a new clubhouse for Columbia Hunt members, who since last spring's big fire have done without. There was not much doubt about wanting a meeting place, the only drawback being the scarcity of building materials. However, it was found that a temporary structure could be built that will serve the purpose at least for the duration of the war.

Jan. 10, 1943. Frost was on the pumpkin aplenty this morning and everyone feared the ground would be too hard for hunting. However, the Master arrived early emulating confidence and assured all that extreme care had been exercised by the dragman in laying a conservative trail. After waiting a bit for the sun to thaw out things a little, a field of about 15 set off at noon to enjoy several good runs down toward the river and one through the woods by the power line. High water on the island caused a few unexpected detours and gave the hounds a chance now and then for a cold dip. Personally, I don't see how they stand it but they seem to actually enjoy it. Again the field was blessed with several Junior Hunt enthusiasts, among them Kenny Jordan on his solid hunter Black Diamond. After the hunt, Zelma Stocklen fixed some good old hot dogs and coffee which never tasted better. I do hope there's a place in heaven for those generous souls who, while everyone else is out singing the praises of "John Peel", remain to slave in the kitchen fixing some tasty dish for the returning ravenous hunters. —L. A. O.

P. S. With so many members leaving to join the Armed Forces, the Master—George Plumb—is kept busy appointing replacements on the staff. According to the last news flash, the latest "line-up" is Capt. Bill Bryan, Whipper-in, (and he still maintains it's "Bill" not William); Charles J. Stocklen and Frank McCord, Whips; and Charles W. Chapman, Huntsman.

own American hounds, on American Thoroughbreds. So well recorded in his book of memoirs on the subject.



# The Sporting Calendar

You can help us by sending in notices of any events you know of that do not appear in this Calendar.

## NOVEMBER

26-Mar. 9. Fair Grounds, New Orleans, La. 75 days.  
**GULF COAST STAKES (ALC'S)**, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 30.....\$2,500 Added  
**THE CHALMETTE 'CAP**, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 13.....\$2,500 Added  
**MARDI GRAS 'CAP**, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9.....\$2,000 Added  
 26-March 9, 1943. Fair Grounds Breeders' & Racing Assn., New Orleans, La. 75 days.  
 (No racing on Mondays—March 8th excepted)  
**CRESCENT CITY HANDICAP**, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 2.....\$2,500 Added  
**THE AUDUBON STAKES**, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 16.....\$2,000 Added  
**GULF COAST HANDICAP**, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 30.....\$2,500 Added  
**THE CHALMETTE STAKES**, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 13.....\$2,500 Added  
**NEW ORLEANS HANDICAP**, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 27.....\$10,000 Added  
**LOUISIANA DERBY**, 1 1/8 ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 6.....\$7,500 Added  
**MARDI GRAS HANDICAP**, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9.....\$2,000 Added

## FEBRUARY

22-Mar. 27—Oaklawn Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark. 30 days.

## MARCH

6-June 6. Hipodrome De Las Americas, Jockey Club, De La Ciudad De Mexico. 42 days or more.  
**HANDICAP DE LA CIUDAD DE MEXICO**, 1 ml., 3-yr.-olds, May 9.....17,000 Pesos Added  
**DERBY MEXICANO**, 1 1-8 ml., 3-yr.-olds, May 16.....50,000 Pesos Added  
**HANDICAP NACIONAL**, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, May 23.....20,000 Pesos Added  
**STAKES DE LA CONDESA**, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, May 27.....6,250 Pesos Added  
**HANDICAP DE LAS AMERICAS**, 1 1-4 ml., 3 & up, May 30.....100,000 Pesos Added  
**STAKES JOCKEY CLUB MEXICANO** 7 f., 3 & up, June 3.....6,250 Pesos Added  
**HANDICAP PRESIDENCIAL**, 1 1-8 ml., 3 & up, June 6.....50,000 Pesos Added  
 (Stakes nominations close May 1, 1943 except Mexican Bred or Owned Stakes).

## APRIL

8-May 8—Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 27 days.

## JUNE

7-26—Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

## JULY

7-Sept. 11—Garden State Racing Ass'n., Camden, N. J. No racing Mondays, Sept. 6 excepted. 50 days.

## AUGUST

30-Sept. 18—Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

## OCTOBER

11-20—Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 9 days.

## CHICAGO RACING DATES

Sportsman's Park—Sat., May 1 to Sat., May 15—13 days.  
 Lincoln Fields—Mon., May 17 to Sat., June 19—30 days.  
 Fairmount Park—Sat., May 29 to Mon., July 5—28 days.  
 Arlington Park—Mon., June 21 to Sat., July 31—36 days.  
 Washington Park—Mon., Aug. 2 to Mon., Sept 6—31 days.  
 Hawthorne—Tues., Sept. 7 to Sat., Oct. 16—35 days.  
 Sportsman's Park—Mon., Oct. 18 to Sat., Oct 30—12 days.  
 Fairmount Park—Sat., Aug. 28 to Sat., Oct. 9—32 days.

## ELLERSLIE STALLIONS

Season of 1943  
 Charlottesville, Va.

### FLARES

(Property of Belair Stud)  
 (Bay 1933, by Gallant Fox—Flambino, by \*Wrack.)  
 \$250—Return

### POMPEY

(Bay 1923, by \*Sun Briar—Cleopatra, by Corcyra.)  
 \$250—Return

### TINTAGEL

(Bay 1933, by \*Sir Gallahad III—Heloise, by Friar Rock.)  
 \$150—Return

Return for one year if mare does not prove in foal.

Return to be claimed December 1, 1943.

No responsibility is accepted for accidents or disease.

A. B. Hancock

Phone 393 Paris, Ky.

## Present Hounds

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trainer if handled right. Drags are frowned on by some, but all the harm that has been blamed on drags comes from using strong ones. I have even been able to smel some drags from a horse. Using whole wet sacks for a drag will ruin hounds for fox. I make sure my drags are faint by using no more than a six inch square of sack and not running it for at least an hour after laying. A properly laid drag is just a controlled fox trail, and can be just as difficult for a hound to run. The huntsman can simulate checks with the advantage of knowing where they are. It is easy to tell which hounds run over the farthest, and which hounds pick it up the quickest. It shows up any false hounds and which ones to hark the rest to. Checks and turns make a careful, close trailer and don't discourage or strain immature hounds by too fast a pace. Knowing the line, a huntsman can anticipate what the hounds are going to do, or should do, and correct them if wrong. He can be in the right places at the right time himself, not having to depend on chance or an inexperienced staff.

Stopping hounds that over run, casting to a known trail and so on, gives hounds confidence in their huntsman and teaches them to handle.

### Considering Speed

There is always a tendency to consider the fastest hounds the best, but I have found the extra fast ones do a lot more harm than good. Even if they come by their speed honestly, they can't help but string the pack out, often throwing perfectly good, honest hounds out of the race, and race is what it gets to be. There are a lot of hounds often seen in front, sometimes a long way in front, who got there by various tricks, such as cutting, stealing the trail silently until they get a lead, or taking very wide, fast, chance, casts and luckily hitting it off. This is the sort of thing that makes a scattered, jealous, overrunning pack.

Speed is the word of the day. It is applied to everything, but I think a large part of the faults hounds develop, can be directly attributed to speed. They overrun because of speed, they babble when they can't keep up, they cut to get ahead, they quit when they can't stand the pace, and some never work the trail themselves because it is all they can do to keep up. But it is still the fastest

hounds that get credit for being the best, and it is this speed that breaks up the team work that should be the real meaning of pack work. Huntsmen brag about their "lead" hounds, but often it is just a one-hound-hunt they have. The rest of the pack just following the lead hound's every move. When he checks, they check. If he circles to the right, they all do. If the check is long, they wait until he opens on the line and then they chorus in. If he goes wrong that is the end. These "one hound packs" explain a lot of "unaccountable loses", blank days, and precious minutes lost on checks while one hound tries to pick it up when they all should be trying. It takes a whole pack working together to run a fox right; each contributing instead of just trying to keep up. My theory is; slow the pack to where the greatest percentage of hounds can do their part. It will save a lot of hounds by reducing the tendency to develop what I call "speed faults" as mentioned above.

It is hard to put down a very fast hound who appears to be one of the best in that he gets there first, or is always seen way out in front. However I have proved to my own

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## Bulletin Board

We ask you to stop here and read this "board". Only items of instant importance will be posted each week.

### ROSTER ISSUE—

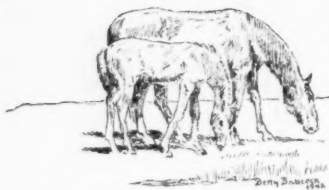
We have about 275 extra copies of the Roster on hand, demand has already started. Be guided if you want any. It can be a nice gesture for a Chronicler to a friend. Names and addresses sent in will be attended to at once.

### IN THE SERVICE—

We especially ask for news of horsemen in the services, care will be taken to observe military information involved.



# Horsemen's News-



## United Hunts Elects

The United Hunts Racing Association held its Annual Meeting at 250 Park Avenue, New York, on Wednesday, and the following Officers were re-elected—Lewis E. Waring, President, Robert C. Winmill, Vice-President, and Richard V. N. Gambrill, Secretary-Treasurer.

Messrs. Richard V. N. Gambrill and Capt. John Hay Whitney were re-elected Directors and a new Director was added—William C. Hunneman, Jr., of Philadelphia. Chairman of the Race Committee of Radnor Hunt, thereby adding to the Director's Roster of the United Hunts an

active representative from Pennsylvania.

Lewis E. Waring again heads the Executive Committee as Chairman with other members of the Committee being Richard V. N. Gambrill, Amory L. Haskell, Harold E. Talbott, Henry O. Tallmadge, Robert C. Winmill and the new Director William C. Hunneman, Jr.

Richard V. N. Gambrill is again the Chairman of the Race Committee with fellow members being Pvt. George H. (Pete) Bostwick (soon to be Commissioned as a Lieutenant at the Cavalry School, Ft. Riley, Kansas) Robert C. Winmill and William C. Hunneman, Jr.

The United Hunts Racing Association is in its 39th consecutive year of Racing, having had its first meeting in 1905 and the Directors of the Association hope the policy of the United Hunts, which has been to

## Leading Sires in Virginia for 1942

It has been necessary to boil down the exhaustive information furnished by Nick Saegmuller. Here are presentations of the 1st 10 in each table. Then we have on file a full list of the stallions of Virginia with a complete recording of what they have done as sires. If any of this information is wished, a letter to the ever courteous Virginia Horseman's Association office at Warrenton will bring a prompt reply. Meanwhile pardon us for giving this added information about the state where The Chronicle has "stall-room".

Actual figures compiled by Nick Saegmuller in corroboration of his article on breeding in Virginia which appeared in the National Stallion Roster are as follows:

The 10 leading sires based on the amount of winnings in 1st monies are:

| HORSE             | Amt. In 1st Monies | No. Winners | No. Races Won |
|-------------------|--------------------|-------------|---------------|
| POMPEY            | \$127,150          | 52          | 143           |
| *STROLLING PLAYER | 108,032            | 24          | 88            |
| HEAD PLAY         | 82,755             | 28          | 61            |
| PILATE            | 77,717             | 40          | 98            |
| *GINO             | 72,547             | 35          | 89            |
| *HAPPY ARGO       | 60,002             | 22          | 78            |
| *HILLTOWN         | 55,345             | 7           | 27            |
| OKAPI             | 54,780             | 25          | 86            |
| *QUATRE BRAS II   | 51,172             | 27          | 74            |
| MILKMAN           | 47,465             | 22          | 59            |

In considering the rank of stallions based on the number of winners Pompey again leads, followed by Pilate and \*Gino.

Ten leading sires according to number of winners are:

| HORSE             | No. Winners | No. Races Won | Amt. of 1st Monies |
|-------------------|-------------|---------------|--------------------|
| POMPEY            | 52          | 143           | \$127,150          |
| PILATE            | 40          | 98            | 77,717             |
| *GINO             | 35          | 89            | 72,547             |
| HEAD PLAY         | 28          | 61            | 82,755             |
| *QUATRE BRAS II   | 27          | 74            | 51,172             |
| OKAPI             | 25          | 86            | 54,780             |
| SUN BEAU          | 24          | 56            | 36,015             |
| *STROLLING PLAYER | 24          | 88            | 108,032            |
| *HAPPY ARGO       | 22          | 78            | 60,002             |
| MILKMAN           | 22          | 59            | 47,465             |

Considering the number of races won, the get of Pompey again put him on top, with Pilate and \*Gino taking the place and show positions.

The ranking of the first 10 stallions in Virginia as sires of winners of races follows:

| HORSE             | No. Races Won | No. Winners | Amt. of 1st Monies |
|-------------------|---------------|-------------|--------------------|
| POMPEY            | 143           | 52          | \$127,150          |
| PILATE            | 98            | 40          | 77,717             |
| *GINO             | 89            | 35          | 72,547             |
| *STROLLING PLAYER | 88            | 24          | 108,032            |
| OKAPI             | 86            | 25          | 54,780             |
| *HAPPY ARGO       | 78            | 22          | 60,002             |
| *QUATRE BRAS II   | 74            | 27          | 51,172             |
| HEAD PLAY         | 61            | 28          | 82,755             |
| *KANTAR           | 61            | 19          | 33,177             |
| MILKMAN           | 59            | 22          | 47,465             |

As a sire of 2-year-old winners Pilate comes to the fore, with 13 winners and is closely followed by Pompey who is the sire of 12. There is a tie for 3rd honors between Head Play and Okapi each having 9 to his credit.

The leading sires of 2-year-old winners in Virginia and the number of races won by these is shown in the following table:

| HORSE           | No. 2-yr.-old Winners | No. Races Won |
|-----------------|-----------------------|---------------|
| PILATE          | 13                    | 28            |
| POMPEY          | 12                    | 18            |
| HEAD PLAY       | 9                     | 15            |
| OKAPI           | 9                     | 25            |
| MILKMAN         | 7                     | 11            |
| TINTAGEL        | 7                     | 12            |
| FLARES          | 6                     | 18            |
| *GINO           | 6                     | 10            |
| *QUATRE BRAS II | 5                     | 7             |
| ROSEMONT        | 5                     | 8             |

## A Visit To Clifton

Spend half a day at Clifton Farm and it is a revelation. **Roi Herode** could indeed be proud of what he has done to this northern corner of Clarke County. His in-cross of Imp. **Coq Gaulois**, in the dams, back with these mares to **Coq D'Esprit** a son of the grand imported gray, is a dominant strain in many of the youngsters led out. There is Imp. **Belfonds** in one or two of them too, in which, while the French horse that stood at Montana Hall has not left his beautiful head and neck, there is much to like. One of them had the exceedingly small ears so noticeable in the grandson of **Le Samaritain**. Then **Morgil** the son of **Morvich** is represented and there is breeding back to that grand horse **Star Shoot**.

The colts are out all day, every day, they eat big grain rations twice a day with the best of hay to rough it down with. The answer is size and sense, with a natural balance developed from the up and down nature of the lots they run in, just as is the case with the Irish hunters. Speaking of the latter, there are some 8 broodmares in the lot, living out all the time, but each has some good reason for being there. Getting back to the Irish, there is a bay mare that caught the eye, a typical Irish gal, with a grand body, clean legs, all the heart room in the world, keen ears, plain head, large lower

lip and the ever present "varminty eye" that means so much.

Another mare, a gray this time, used to belong to **Ray Firestone**. Much is expected of her in the cross to **Coq D'Esprit**. There are 2-year-olds, just turned, that stand big enough to the most exacting "size" enthusiast. But above all there is the flat bone, short cannons, wonderful front and well developed power of movement at the stifle which is so necessary a part of the good going horse for the critic.

Not the least attractive side of this great horse plant is the wealth of big roomy box stalls, scattered everywhere. No frills of paint and modern finish, just healthy comfort. Dr. Allen has the idea that what comes out of the barn counts more than the last word in paint jobs. The tack room with its warm fire, photos of the late **Bill Streett**, who was with Clifton Farm for several years, the pictures of the stable's great in horseflesh, ends up a most enjoyable afternoon, all too short in fact.

The big old home, with its terraces, huge box, old yew, blue grass galore, attractive architecture, adds to the atmosphere of the establishment. One glimpse of the house makes one wish to live in it, perhaps the doctor could be persuaded to let it, for the joy of having it once more come to life, it is something that should never be allowed to remain in disuse. There are too many people in the world who love to live that sort of a life, in the world of horses and the true old Virginia. Here we have seen **Coq D'Esprit** walk in with his elastic stride and keen sense of all that is going on, it denotes the home of the Thoroughbred in his glory.

# PILATE

Chestnut Horse, 1928

By Friar Rock—\*Herodias, by The Tetrarch.

To October 1st 17 of Pilate's 2-year-olds had started

14 Had Won a Total of 28½ Races

Two Others Had Placed

One raced unplaced after injuring her back early in her training, and never approached the promise of top yearling trials.

Of the 17 2-year-olds, 15 showed form as high and in most cases considerably higher than their dam's.

One was out of a mare 20 years old. One was not precocious, but showed evidence of good stamina.

Fee \$400

Return

\$300 For stakes winners or dams of stakes winners

One year return if mare fails to get in foal. We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit.

A. S. HEWITT

Montana Hall

White Post, Virginia



## Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

however, is the noted race horse and rising young sire **Snark**. The fee of \$1,500 set upon **Boojum's** services is a gesture only. It is neither expected nor desired that outside breeders send mares to him. Were he a normal stallion, his fee would probably be \$500 or less.

Is it not extraordinary, when one stops to think of it—this condition?

Of our 16 different highest-priced service stallions, but a single one is from the **Domino** line . . . Yet that line produced three of the 5 leading American money-winning sires of the past season of 1942!

Not a single "live" horse of the **Ben Brush** line.

But 2 members of the **Fair Play** line.

This, however, does not by any means exhaust the interesting angles of the case.

Several of the highest-priced imported stallions are in reality withheld from public service; being either marked "book full", to signify that outside mares are not wanted, or else their books limited to the mares of those who own them.

**Equipolse**, the leading sire of 1942, is dead—which is a matter of satisfaction (bitter as that statement may seem) to many people who would have lauded him to the skies had he been from some of the fancy imported lines that now have the call.

He was a **Domino**-line horse.

His son **Shut Out** (\$238,972) was the leading money winner of 1942.

Second to **Shut Out** was **Alsab** (\$234,565)—he being by another **Domino**-line horse, **Good Goods**.

**Good Goods**—fortunately—is not dead.

But he might be insofar as our list of \$1,000 stud-fee sires is concerned. If you wish to know, his fee is but \$500.

But you might "gamble on this"—that if he were from one of the fashionable lines of imported blood, he would be standing at something like \$1,000 or \$1,500, at the very least.

His book would also, without doubt, be reported "full".

Which at present is not the case.

As a matter of fact, **Alsab** and his sire are gall and wormwood to the promoters of the foreign lines of blood and their fancy fees.

He has been a bitter pill for them to swallow and many have been the wry-faces which that process has involved.

All of which, incidentally, has a whole lot to do with the answer to that oft-asked question:

"What's the matter with breeding in America?"

## Steeplechasing

Continued from Page One

sporting man who made his business out of the leapers, and also a fine group of sporting owners. Their reason for adopting the sport in no unmeasured manner, was that it had the backbone that brought out the essentially sporting tinge that adorns the character of any man worthy of the name, in horse circles.

This is not a satisfactory report on what it claimed to present at the outset. It is enlightening, however, as far as it goes, the "perhaps" in the heading may be now understood.

There was a certain Irish sportsman named **Joseph Osborne**, who probably knew as much about steeplechasing as anyone, that is of its earlier days. He set about and compiled a sort of calendar of these doings.

## More Good Sires Than Ever Before Are Now Available

Prevailing Low Fees Should Bring Best Crop Of Foals In History Of Racing

If ever the American Thoroughbred breeder had available the services of so many good sires and outstanding young sire prospects as today, I do not know when it was.

There are, first, the old guard of sires whose reputations have been already established, and they are a numerous throng, including **\*Bull Dog**, **\*Sir Gallahad III**, **Blue Larkspur**, **\*Blenheim II**, **Man o'War**, **\*Sickle**, **\*Pharamond II**, **Pilate**, **Questionnaire**, **\*Challenger II**, **Ariel**, and so on. We have a band of new arrivals such as **Menow**, **Grand Slam**, **Good Goods**, **Sun Teddy**, etc. We have an outstanding group of young imported horses, including **\*Bahram**, **\*Mahmond**, **\*Easton**, **\*Rhodes Scholar**, and **\*Heliopolis**, besides **\*Beau Pere**, brought to California after making an astonishing record in New Zealand and Australia.

Besides all these we have what appears to be an unusually good group of young horses whose credentials are their outstanding performances in American racing, including **Bimelech**, **Cravat**, **Eight Thirty**, **Johnstown**, **\*Kayak II**, **Stagehand**, **Seabiscuit**, **War Admiral**, and, most recently, **Challedon**.

These names are not a list, but simply an offhand sample, to suggest the fierce competition for sire honors which lies immediately ahead. If the horses named above should average as many as 20 foals each in 1944, their get would represent possibly 10 per cent of the entire foal crop. And there are scores of other stallions which have already established good reputations or, judged by their individual merit, appear capable of doing so if afforded the opportunity.

If breeders take advantage of the prevailing low fees and make it a point to breed their best mares to the very best horses available, out of this unprecedented supply of breeding class should come some of the most extraordinary crops of foals in the history of American racing.

As has been the case since the Civil War, most of the more important sires are standing in Kentucky—within a few miles of the chief city of the Blue Grass region, Lexington.

But the tremendous geographical

Today there is a copy in the British Museum and possibly there may be a copy or two in the possession of individuals. It is said that it is most incomplete, and probably was the result of gleanings from old newspapers, which, however authentic, cannot furnish the first hand information as it should be presented.

**Joseph Osborne** incidentally proved his interest in steeplechasing by winning the Grand National twice with **Abd el Kader**, some feat in itself. To wind up, a little story of the Grand National is amusing, and maybe is apropos of the sport at this time, though on this side of the Atlantic it seems to have a better chance of carrying on through the war than in the Isles. A colored print, which showed a disconsolate jockey, on a refusing horse at Aintree, and the jockey is saying:—"Th' wrong side O' Bechers and th' dhrink ded in me!"

## MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Middleburg,  
Loudoun County,  
Virginia.  
Established 1908.  
Recognized 1908.



After waiting for a break in the weather and better footing conditions, Middleburg Hounds met Thursday, Jan. 7 at Dr. Neill's. Hounds jumped a red fox in the first field they were cast in and the field enjoyed a good, fast run of about an hour. Saturday the 9th, hounds met at the Racetrack. They started 2 reds on Mrs. Fairfax's farm and had a 45 minute run on 1 before he went in on the Will Crouch farm.

The meet on Friday, Jan. 15 was again at the racetrack at 1 o'clock. A gray and a red were started in Dillon. The field had about a 40 minute run on the red and the pack split at Dillon onto a gray who was killed on the Patton place after a run of about 25 minutes.

Benton's Bridge was the place of

expansion of Thoroughbred breeding in recent years is gradually spreading high-class breeding stock all over the country. What with Market Wise coming out of Virginia, **Challedon** out of Maryland, **Doublab** out of northern Illinois, **Valdina Orphan** out of Texas, **Mioland** out of Oregon, and so on, the picture is changing. It won't be only among sires that there will be fierce competition.

Editor's Note:—Here is the article by Estes of Blood Horse farm, written for our Roster issue, but which did not arrive in time. We are delighted to present it and wish to point out that his work for the Thoroughbred can hardly be measured in terms of ordinary commendation.

the meet Saturday, Jan. 16. Two reds were started on Foxcroft. Hounds settled down on 1 and went to Steptoe Mountain, around over Dr. Talbot's, Dr. Neill's. Dr. Humphrey's and the Fred farm and the fox went to earth on the Jim Ferguson place. The going was soft but the field had a fast run of about 3-4 of an hour without a check. After the fox went in, they called it a day.

## CHARLEY O.

Br., 1930

By \*HOULESS—\*CLONAKILTY,  
by CATMINT  
16.0% Hands. 1,250 Pounds.

(PROPERTY J. H. WILSON)  
5555 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

A stake winner, by a stake winner, out of a stake winner, brother to a stake winner. Represents a staying line.

CHARLEY O. with limited opportunities in Kentucky came to Virginia in the late season of 1941. With only 6 mares sent to his court, all are proven to be in foal.

CHARLEY O.'s winners have won over a distance.

CHARLEY O. won Florida Derby (by 3 lengths, 118 pounds, 1 1/4 miles in 1:49 3-5); finished third to **BROKERS TIP** and **HEAD PLAY** in Kentucky Derby.

\*CLONAKILTY won and produced **MIKE HALL**, brother to **CHARLEY O.**, winner of 19 races and \$213,420, including **Agua Caliente Handicap**, **Latonia Cup** twice and others, and setting new American record of 3:46 3-5 for 2 1/4 miles.

FEE—\$100

AMPLE FACILITIES FOR VISITING  
MARES

APPLY

DAVID N. RUST, JR.

Rockridge Farm

3 Miles East of Leesburg, Va.  
Telephone: 33-W-1, Leesburg

## CLEVELAND BAYS

Standing In North America  
During The Season

Suitable to produce:—

- I. High class heavyweight hunters out of Thoroughbred mares.
- II. Middleweight active farm horses.
- III. Ride and drive horses for general purpose use.

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For stud fees and other information write to the above-listed owners or agents.

# Lost Hounds

Continued from Page One

careless riding over crops and leaving gates open. It seems that there are many strangers out hunting these days, not familiar with the country. The Master was saying so to the old man, and condemning in emphatic terms, the wanton disregard which strangers have for new grass, seed-fields and other sacred areas, which all the local people treat with utmost respect. To settle the matter, the Field-Master was summoned from out the village "pub", where he had been extending hospitality of a liquid nature, to several of the leading citizens. In the presence of all who would give attention, the Master lay down the law in respect to careless riding, and announced that fines would be imposed without mercy upon all offenders, no matter who they might be.

As usual photographers were about taking shots at any one in the least likely to buy the pictures, and particularly anxious to catch the Master after he should have mounted and be moving bravely off towards the first draw, followed by his patient hounds, pattering carelessly along the muddy road and all the hundred or more well-dressed men and women, a-horse-back, and strung out behind in a long procession.

This might be called the pageant stage of the hunt which has become so common a sight to the long-suffering hosts who glance at newspapers and illustrated magazines when they have nothing better to do. The moving off to cover, however, is no pageant to the Master, but the preliminary step to going into action. It was a relief to him when a glance at his watch told him that eleven o'clock had arrived. He quickly climbed on his horse, and threw aside the cares and troubles which beset him at these village meets. The Master was specially serious today because of the presence of several old veterans from other hunts, who knew the game as well as, if not better, than himself and whose sharp eyes would see every move he made. After the fox should be afoot and the hunt be on, in that wild gallop which he hoped to provide for the delectation of all, he would be no better than anyone else, except insofar as his good horse, and his knowledge of country and how to cross it might keep him on top.

This over-written, over-pictured sport, which to outsiders appears to consist of posing for pictures, is a serious matter to the huntsman, whether the Master himself or someone else serve in that capacity. It provides the rank and file of those who follow it, pleasant emotional thrills as well as sun, wind and rain in their faces, but if they do not have good sport, they go home carelessly enough and plan for the next day. The huntsman is sick at heart and spends a sad evening, bemoaning his own stupidity. His day is given to providing thrills for others, but he himself has scant time for enjoying thrills. If he finds himself for a brief moment, exulting in something which has happened, as likely enough, the next moment something else will happen to cause him mortification. However, this huntsman was a light-hearted chap in spite of his cares, and rode without trepidation toward the first cover to be drawn. His clear eyes took in the great expanse of rolling green fields lying before him so invitingly, and his mind at the moment was trying to untangle the various lines which the fox might run. There was the way he went that great day last year, the day which, more than any other, established the Master's reputation as a huntsman. It was not likely they would get the same thing again; no such luck. Off to the west four miles away is a great overgrown demesne, from which it is all but impossible to get the hunted fox away if he succeeds in reaching it. This the Master dreaded, and had scouts instructed to post themselves on the west side of the cover so if possible to keep the fox from heading that way. The earth-stopper had duly reported that his job had been attended to. Now the drizzle of rain had lightened until it was only a mist, hanging softly over the landscape, and a moderate breeze from the west blew in the Master's ruddy face. His horse, a great chestnut Thoroughbred, walked sedately along the road, his ears cocked and his intelligent eyes taking in the scene. Hounds jogged along behind, and behind them, a hundred horses clattered on the stoney road, and a hundred riders laughed and talked.

The road led directly past the cover, and very soon the Master arrived at the rickety old gate which bars the entrance. As usual, there were people standing by to receive small change for such services as opening gates; now not one, but several were only too anxious for the job and immediately began a tussle with the flimsy structure. A merry shout from the Master and hounds rushed for the opening, about to be made for them to go through.

Of course everybody was hoping for a prompt find, but nobody expected it to be so very prompt. No one had even got off the road into the grass-field next to cover, so as to get away easily. The Master was about to ride through the gate which two men were eagerly trying to open, when the dynamite exploded. In the first place the gate came down all in a tangled heap before it was opened wide enough to admit a horse, and hounds having had the word from the Master, poured through without ceremony. A fox must have been lying there all ready for the fray, for, without a moment's delay, he was seen, white tip to his brush and all, to leap from out the low gorse in the corner, over the bank separating the cover from the adjacent field, and to run as fast as ever a fox did run, straight across the grass-field. Hounds opened with a deafening clamor and streamed over the bank in hot pursuit, coursing him, with only about thirty paces between them and the fox. So far so good, but the entire crowd was caught and jammed in the road with a high bank to get over, and the Master all tangled up in the midst of them. When the Master finally did get off the road, some of his field were ahead of him, and all he could see was the rear end of the fox darting through a small hole in the timber and rocks which had been piled up to stop the gap into the next enclosure. That was the last to be seen of that fox for the hottest hour and thirty minutes that anyone could remember, if in fact, it was the same fox which lost his brush and his life that length of time later on, some six miles away.

Hounds being much bigger than the fox, could not squeeze through the same hole, and what with first one and then another jammed in the hole, while the rest of the pack fought with one another for a chance at it, valuable time was lost before they all decided to give up the hole and scramble over the bank on either side of the closed gap. By now the Master whose horse had plenty of speed, was clear, so that nothing obstructed him but such obstacles as every huntsman must encounter. His first mental reaction as he settled down to the business of keeping up with his hounds, was the reflection

that scent was remarkably good. That fact, everybody else grasped very early in this hunt, best of all, the twenty couple of hounds that were going away so fast that it is hard to describe how fast they were going, because the Master from whose point of view thus far we are seeing the hunt, was moving very fast himself, and had no time to do anything but pull his cap on tight, take a steady hold of his horse and roll along. Hounds were no longer coursing, for the fox had said good-bye and gone. He left behind, however, all that it takes to make a good hunt in that country, to wit; a burning scent, good hounds and a hard-riding huntsman and field.

The way was straight. One might think the fox was laying his course by compass. The ground rose steadily in front of them, culminating in quite a sharp hill, half a mile away. A young girl undertook to out-pace the Master as they approached a formidable bank with a double ditch. It was not hard for the big chestnut to let out a link and beat her to it, though it seemed to the Master such a pity to put her behind him; those blonde curls edging the rim of her top-hat and all, and he with no eyes in the back of his head. Nonetheless, he did hurry to get ahead of her and went into the bank a bit flippantly with the result that his horse in going off the bank misjudged the ditch beyond, dropped his hind-legs into it and unseated the rider. The girl's horse refused and she never bothered the Master again. He climbed back in his saddle and was gone before anybody else had got over, but even that little delay counted heavily against his catching his hounds before they should go over the hill. With a bit of boggy ground to cross, and several difficult banks, he just could not draw closer to them, despite a very brilliant short-cut which he took, involving a fly-jump over a stone-filled gap which no one else liked the looks of. His horse went over it, feeling like a cannon-ball aimed at the sky. All of which was very exhilarating, but his heart sank as he saw his hounds reaching the top of the hill, saw their sterns, that is to say, their tails pointed upward against the sky-line, saw them sink over the crest; just a momentary flutter of tails, and no more, forty tails against the misty sky, as if waving good-bye to him, and he doing his very best to reach them. He had still a quarter of a mile between himself and the hill-top, the cry of his hounds, all that was left of them at the moment, growing fainter. By the time he had cut that distance in half, he could not hear them at all, and as he got up the hill, they were not in sight or hearing. A wild scamper this way and that with the field scattered all over the landscape; a man half a mile beyond, waving his hat; a mad rush towards him only to learn that the fellow had seen a fox but no hounds; and then as the Master faced the terrible fact that he had lost his hounds this day of days, and had to find them, here came thundering up the entire field, the whole one hundred of them, Field-Master leading. "Where are they, Charlie?" someone called, as if it was not quite evident that he had lost them. Then some of the field went one way and some another, like sheep without a shepherd. The Master very quickly had made his decision what to do. He cut loose, and followed by none, galloped quickly out of sight. It was said by some of them, more in sorrow than in anger, "The Master does not know where they are. He is only guessing," and in an incredibly short time they had all drifted away, leaving not

Continued on Page Eighteen

## MILKMAN

(Property of Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart)

Will make the season of 1943 at  
THE PLAINS, VIRGINIA

|                      |               |               |                                    |
|----------------------|---------------|---------------|------------------------------------|
| MILKMAN<br>br., 1927 | Broomstick    | Ben Brush     | Bramble<br>Roseville               |
|                      | Cudgel        | Elf           | Gillard<br>Sylvabelle              |
|                      | Eugenia Burch | Ben Strome    | Bend Or<br>Strathfleet             |
|                      | Peep o'Day    | The Humber    | Break Knife<br>Keep Sake           |
|                      | Milkmaid      | Ayrshire      | Hampton<br>Atlanta                 |
|                      | Nell Olin     | Sundown       | Springfield<br>Sunshine            |
|                      |               | Wagner        | Prince Charlie<br>Duchess of Malfi |
|                      |               | Black Sleeves | Sir Dixon<br>Lake Breeze           |

Milkmaid was a stake winner at 2, 3, and 4 and lowered track record at Saratoga Springs for 7 furlongs and 1 1-16 miles.

From 7 crops, Milkman has sired many winners, including Pasteurized, winner at 2, 3 and 4 and \$47,220 including Belmont and East Vies Stakes. 3rd in Christina and Flamingo Stakes; Early Delivery, winner of Hialeah Park Inaugural and Belgrade Claiming Handicap, 3rd in Faumonok, Narragansett Spring Handicap; Buttermilk, winner Netherlands Plaza Handicap, 3rd in DeLaSalle Handicap; Early Morn, winner of 19 races, placing 6 times, including Susquehanna Handicap and the winners Milk, Bonny Clabber, Butter, Milk Punch, Cottage Cheese, Separator, Rich Cream, Milk Dipper, Milray, Needmore, Cooling Spring and Cream Cheese.

Milkman had 6 two-year-old winners in 1940: Dally Delivery, Gay Man, Lactose, Milk And Honey, Quizzle and also Milk Bar who placed several times.

Only 5 two-year olds were raced in 1941, 3 of which were winners: Clip Clop, Milky Moon and Milk Route.

The 1st yearlings ever sold by Milkman averaged \$3,086 for 7 colts at Saratoga in 1940.

The 2nd crop of yearlings, 3 colts and 4 fillies, averaged \$2,943 at Saratoga in 1941 on a night of such poor sales that a leading breeder withdrew his yearlings the same evening.

To December 1, 1942, 7 two-year-olds have been winners: Dally Lady, Milk Chocolate, Bottom Rail, Parachutist, Five A. M., Colleen and Cream. TO DATE THIS YEAR, HE HAS Sired 22 WINNERS OF 53 RACES.

These records will be kept up-to-date during the months that MILKMAN is advertised in The Chronicle.

Mares must have satisfactory veterinary certificates

Fee \$300  
Return

To offset shipping costs, the stud fee has been reduced this year by \$50.

Fee \$300  
Return

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

MRS. W. PLUNKET STEWART  
Commercial Trust Bldg.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

ALBERT BURROWS  
Rolling Plains Farm,  
The Plains, Va.

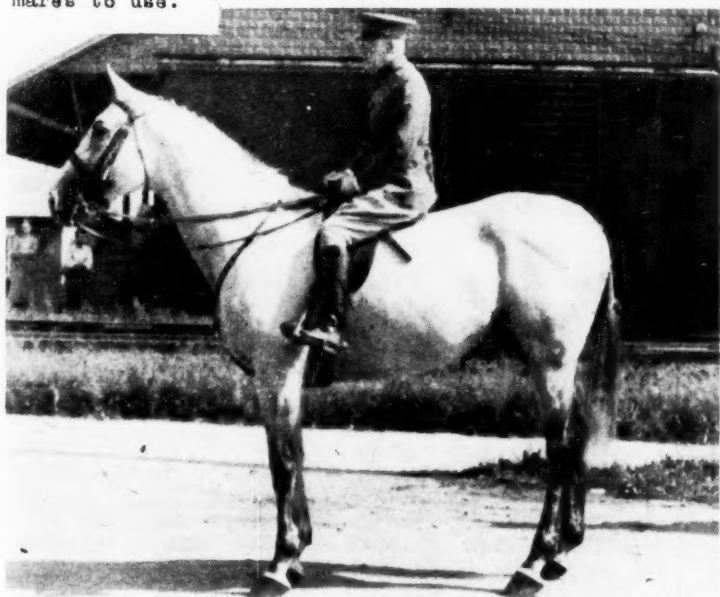


## BREEDING REASONS



HEAD PLAY, the lusty son of MY PLAY--RED HEAD by KING GORIN has four crops of racing age. He demonstrated a good constitution by winning creditably on both coasts and he ran against tops. The 1930 chestnut is a rugged sort, weighing 1375 lbs., has a 78 inch girth and 9 inches of bone, he stands 16.1. He is reported to transmit a fine disposition to his get. He is a typical scion of the FAIR PLAY line, keen, balanced and definitely asserting himself during his season at stud. We are beholden to North Wales for sending us this picture, we asked them for one that would depict what we consider is a type to eliminate the weed, therefore encourage owners of mares to use.

---Marshall Hawkins Photo



COQ D'ESPRIT, son of \*COQ GAULOIS--DULCY by \*LIGHT BRIGADE holds court where his get can be seen. We present him with Dr. L. M. Allen up, at a "Governor's Escort" formation last summer. The big gray went about his unaccustomed duties with a savoir faire that is typical of him and his youngsters. The \*COQ GAULOIS are very evident through the country, all of them tell the same story. We have given you evidence of the BONNE NUIT stallion of Mrs. Whitney at Llangollen. COQ D'ESPRIT should ably carry on the tradition of his sire, especially as he is assisted by a \*LIGHT BRIGADE strain which will enhance the jumping strength of the line.

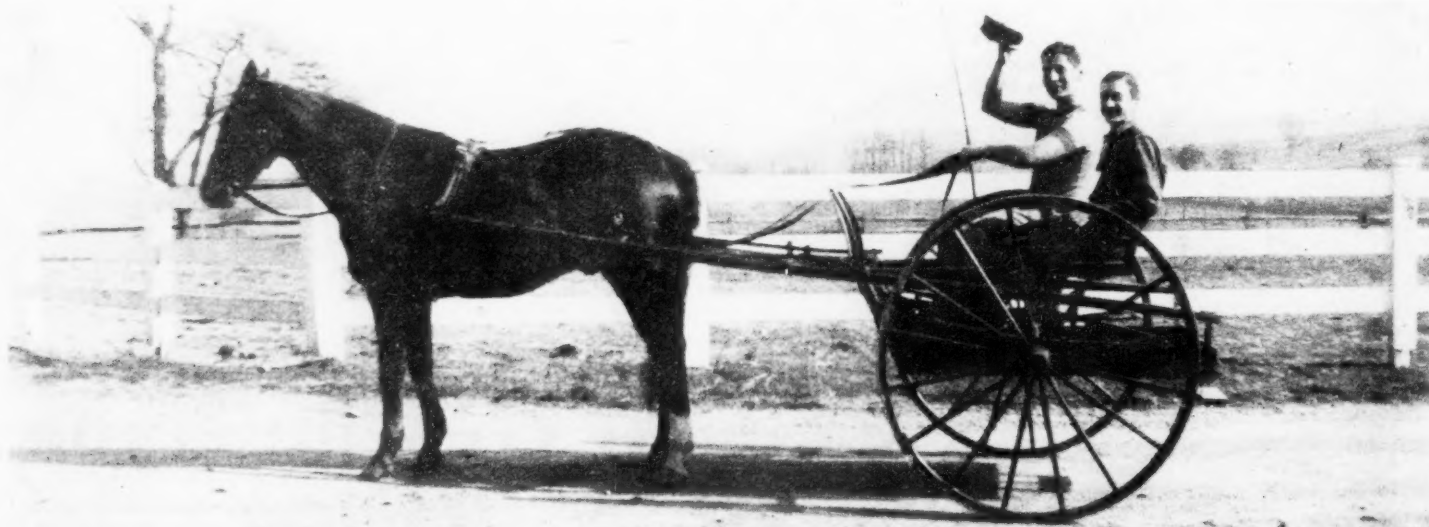
---Blue Ridge Press Photo



This unnamed 2-year-old son of COQ D'ESPRIT--RATTLEWINGS, GENERAL THATCHER by SWEEP is given as an attractive son worthy of notice. The colt stands over a lot of ground, has a great front and admirable underpinning. Where his saddle will go gives evidence of the length of rein he will demand. His disposition is evident in his kindly eye. The length from the point of the hip gives a thought of the propelling power he is bound to inherit from his sire, in the other picture.

---Blue Ridge Press Photo

## ON FARMS AND RANCHES



"Right now I am hunting an old polo pony I brought down here to pension. He started with Rube Williams in Texas and now besides carrying me with the Brandywine Hunt, is my new 1943 car." It is difficult to pension a polo pony, they seem to stand up for a very long span. May this not be laid to their education in the school of hard knocks, where they learn to take life philosophically. Their early days spent in the big open spaces grounds them with a sound constitution as well, if they come from such an original nursery. Anyway, Herbert F. Schiffer's snapshot is a timely hint that if they are right to start with they can give lots of service through their years.



"I ran across three mules in Muncie, Indiana, last Monday where I was buying pack mules that were said to come from Thoroughbred mares. These mules were of excellent type for our purpose. I took some pictures of one of them with a view to using them where they will do most good, here is the result. This mule stands 15 hands, weighs 1110 lbs., girth 70", bone 8-1/2". Quite a mule and a good idea for owners of mares that do not go to Thoroughbred sires this year."



"I enclose a snapshot of George Warren Brewster, 3rd on his racehorse FILBET, BET MOSIE--FILAGREE. We always have an entry or two at the races held by the Racing and Livestock Association round here in Southern Montana. It was formed originally to improve the local breeding. The weights carried are purposely heavy, the idea being to produce horses of endurance. We cull our mares each year and buy one or two Thoroughbred fillies, so our stock is improving. Too, we are using 1/2 to 7/8 Thoroughbreds for wagon work, where they are quiet and dependable." So says Mrs. Warren Brewster of Birney, Mont.



## Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

### Some Interesting Stories Of Unusual Incidents In England Recalled

I remember some years ago being asked to go to see an otter which had been caught in a trap by a farmer. He didn't want the beast, but did desire advice as to how to feed it until such time as he decided what to do with it. On arriving at the stable in which the supposed otter had been put, I found that it was a badger that had been caught. The farmer had all his life lived in a district in which otters and badgers are fairly plentiful; yet he did not know either species even by sight. To round off this story, the badger was kept captive for a couple of days, then lifted some heavy slabs of stone from the floor and made its escape. The other day I heard of a farmer who told a visitor (known to be keen on ornithology) that a big unknown bird, which "mewed like a cat", had several times circled round the farm-yard, and had on each occasion swept down and carried off a duckling. Later he reported that the marauder would trouble him no more as it had been killed by flying against telegraph wires, and that its body was then laid on a manure heap. On inspection the ornithologist found the bird was a rare specimen of Indian pheasant, a few of which are to be seen in Edinburgh Zoo. He retrieved the pheasant, had it set up, and now it is in a Yorks museum. This, however, was obviously not the bird which had carried off the ducklings. Possibly the predatory visitor was a buzzard. I had this story first hand from the bird watcher, who told me that he had made enquiries as to how the pheasant had come to be where it was and had discovered that a gentleman near Kirbymoorside has a number of these birds, one of which had escaped. My informant confirmed what I said here recently—that many more woodcock now breed in the north and do not migrate.

#### A Shooting Story

Mention of woodcock reminds me of a story that is going the rounds, of a young and not very safe sportsman who was invited to join a shooting party. He was placed where it was thought he would be no danger, but during the course of the afternoon he shot a cock which fell on the head of a noble lord who is a stickler for the full observance of shooting etiquette. His lordship called out "Will the gentleman who shot that cock be so good as to hold his hand up?" The young man, possibly imagining he was to be congratulated, held up his hand, and the irated peer, seeing that he was far enough away to allow of such an unusual course, raised his gun and fired at the up-raised hand, then said "That'll teach you not to fire again in front of my nose!" It was Jack Parker, the famous Sinnington huntsman, who once remonstrated with one of the Earl of Feversham's guests for giving a beater a sovereign because a pellet had ricocheted from a stone wall and hit the man in the wrist. "I'd stoop down and let ya have a fair shot for less than that," said Jack indignantly. It was this same Jack who once offered to

fight another of Lord Feversham's guests who shot a fox in mistake for a hare. Speaking of shooting foxes I was told this week of a soldier who, with a service rifle, shot dead a travelling fox at 200 yds. This takes a bit of doing and may have been a fluke shot, although the late Hon. George Savile once told me that when Lord Dunsaney was staying with him at Hawnby near Helmsley, his lordship shot two woodcock within an hour with a rifle. As a matter of fact foxes are not an easy target, and even when seen within range it is very difficult to estimate their speed. Generally a fox is travelling much faster than his graceful gait would lead one to imagine. Moreover, it takes a lot of shot to stop one, although, for some reason, a few pellets often set up gangrene (to which the vulpine species seem subject), and they die a lingering and painful death. Those who talk glibly about reducing the number of foxes by shooting, are not conversant with facts.

#### Nature Notes

It is the same with woodpigeons. There are already schemes on foot for what are called "organised shoots", despite the fact that these have so often in the past proved failures. Even were it otherwise woodpigeons come over in thousands from abroad and, if one area was largely cleared, it is probable it would be restocked. This is one of the remarkable facts in Nature. Many birds and animals have their own "beats", which are more or less recognised as "taken" by others of their kind. Often the claim is not staked out without a good deal of contention and combat. When a beat becomes vacant from any cause there is soon a new tenant if the species is not rare in the particular area. Even though foxes have a roving commission and hunt where fancy takes them, there is evidence that they normally have fairly well defined boundaries, and that they object to interlopers. There are vulpine battles at times other than the breeding season, when dog foxes have bloody encounters, and, as an old gamekeeper I know puts it, "mak fur flee". An interesting question is how do animals and birds know when a beat is, (through trap, gun, claw or tooth,) "to let"? Is it that when on "intruder patrol" they find no opposition, and then with nose or eye make further investigation until satisfied that the coast is clear?

#### Hares And Rabbits

Pursuing this subject a stage further, a game dealer remarked to me this week that he thought rabbits and hares must be very scarce. He wondered if soldiers had cleared certain areas, or whether hawks and other vermin had so increased during the war as to be the cause of the apparent shortage. He told me he had great difficulty in getting hares ordered by customers. The explanation, of course, is that there is now no need for those with game to dispose of to accept the price paid by middlemen. Those who shoot, or snare rabbits and hares have a ready market at top price in their own locality for all they can supply. I travel about a good deal and recently have been struck by the number of both hares and rabbits which are being sent (presumably as presents) by rail. There is no doubt that not in our time have hares and rabbits been so thinned out as this year. Coursing men in some districts, in which there used to be too many hares, say they now rarely see one. As for rabbits, they have had war

waged against them in earnest, as was to be expected when the imperatation of frozen conies was reduced and the price for the home-bred animal made it worth while to market them. There are, of course, lots left despite this, although foxes in many parts of Great Britain now have to work very hard for a living, and are compelled to include more rats and small birds than usual in their diet. Rats, by the way, are at all times a favourite vulpine dish, and I am inclined to think foxes really enjoy catching them. When a vixen takes her offspring on their first hunting expeditions it is field-mice and rats they are taught to stalk and pounce upon, then come

outlying and earth-mouth baby rabbits. I am inclined to think that a hare, which lies perfectly motionless in its form, gives off no scent, and so escapes attention from even the hungriest fox. It is not often one sees any sign of hares having been caught even when Mr. and Mrs. Fox are constantly hunting and willing to feed a growing and always expectant family.

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AND ANNOUNCING

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## The Chronicle

ESTABLISHED 1937

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(Middleburg, Virginia)

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OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA  
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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# Editorials

## 1943 ACTIVITY

It is quite necessary to think in terms of tomorrow in order to assure the right balance of news and other reading matter to Chroniclers. Here is about the picture as we see it for 1943.

### Hunting

Hunting in places has stopped due to seasonal severity of the weather, but there are still reports and there will be more when the weather opens up, before vixen have to be left alone to attend to family duties.

Hounds will probably be given more personal attention this summer in the way of early morning road work, some night hunting in out of the way countries, interest will be greater in the coming entry. All these things will be of interest to those at home and others who are away off on U. S. duty.

The prospects for the 'chasing season and the show season are always going to furnish news until they are no longer prospects. Then they will furnish reports, and there is where the situation needs a bit of a boost from the "powers that be" behind these activities.

### Steeplechasing

It looks as if there is going to be steeplechasing, horses are owned, trainers are in line with their charges, tracks are getting ready to stage the meetings and there is even a move on foot to promote a new development, with considerable monetary reward to the horses that can negotiate the fences fastest. This is a move by the way which, if it materializes will furnish quite a bit of impetus to the steeplechasing world. Under the watchful eye of the man at the helm and the cooperation of owners and trainers, there should be every reason to expect that Hunt Meetings, as well as other races over jumps will be carrying on in a sound manner.

### Horse Shows

About the shows, the crux of this can be ironed out by a strong and very diplomatic power behind the whole thing. We say diplomatic as everyone knows that horse shows have to be handled with kid gloves in spots; on the other hand owners will want to get into friendly competition, and they can do so, if there is a zoning of shows, which will lessen the burden of transportation. These little feeder shows will be given proper recognition in The Chronicle, if the reports are sent in to us. We will probably not run the detailed small type summaries in every case, but we will try to embrace the whole report in the general story. Then, the big shows will have just that much more weight as being the climax of the several feeders, to win at the central show will really mean something.

### Trail Riding

Trail riding will be far more prevalent this year. It is a good, healthy way of getting some riding in for the good of the figure, organic system and the soul, but it's not so easy to make a story of. However, if those who ride over trails will take time out to let us hear of country that presents attractive features, of riding that allows improvement of the mount and that sort of thing, then it will have a bearing on the general interest of the horsemen and horsewomen who read this paper.

### General Promotion and News

Then, there are generally some promotional schemes afoot, either of personal moment for the improvement of the breed, or for the increase of the

horse activities of the country that are bound to have reader interest. The war as it advances toward its evident victorious conclusion, bids fair to increase in horse interest, which we will be only too happy to record. Little notes of the changing hands of some good individual horse, the location of someone well known in the world round which this paper revolves. The "In The Country" is read, it is not strong due to curtailed facilities for circulating round, it needs more short notes of everywhere and everybody.

### The Fifth Column

Lastly, there are those who are happy to act in a capacity of fifth columnists, in their attitude toward the horse. They would probably take the same point of view in anything that they personally derived no pleasure from. They are hurting no one, only themselves in the very filth of some of their utterances, which they allow to be printed or seek a receptive publication in which to give tongue. Lately the owner of a midwestern daily, a man vaguely connected with a pack of hounds, we understand, printed an editorial grossly unjust to the horse and those who raise to use them. We are at a loss to believe that in this country where we understand the assinine fifth columnists efforts of Hitler and Mussolini are food for ridicule, there can be persons with the unmitigated nerve to print such idiotic reasoning. So much for the said paper, though we understand it does have the most entertaining comic strips!

## THE STRENGTH OF THE WORLD

Finally, The Chronicle is certain that the strength of the world with which we as horsemen are immediately concerned, can be materially assisted in its solidarity by an intelligent grasp of the problems that confront it, not only on one small sphere, or with one form of activity, but through the whole country, where "horse is king". Not only in this country, but we may safely include the world.

## Letters to the Editor

Arthur Morris

Note:—We can think of no nicer way of presenting the beneath mentioned sad decease which happened at Paris, Va., than by presenting this letter. Editor.

To The Editor.

I received the enclosed letter from Mrs. Morris, mother of Arthur Morris, who recently passed away.

Arthur was one of the finest riders I have ever had an opportunity to see in a show ring and, along with that, he was a fine clean cut gentleman.

He rode my horse at three of the small shows here in Pennsylvania, Uniontown, Jacktown, and Altoona, and won ribbons in all shows with Curwick Tim, a Virginia Thoroughbred by Tom Tiger. Arthur's superb riding will be missed in the shows this coming year, as he certainly sat a horse perfectly.

He was a true son of a great father, as I understand his father Tipper Morris was considered the leading rider of his day.

Sincerely yours,

George P. Gable

### Ermine Coat

To The Editor

I wish to make a correction in reference to your article about Ermine Coat, as the information you published is incorrect. I purchased Ermine Coat from Chris Greer as a yearling, named him and brought him out as a two year old at the Upperville Show, where Margaret Cotter bought him from me the first day of the show.

Yours truly, Rigan McKinney.

(Editor's Note: The Chronicle contacted Mrs. Greer concerning Ermine Coat. We therefore quote her as follows:—"I do know that Chris showed the colt and did not sell him prior to 1942. However, as Chris is in the service, I have no immediate way to get the actual dates of the shows or the date of sale. Being in the army, I am sure Chris would feel as I do about the matter; there are rather more important things right now, than as to when the colt was sold and which man won the most blue ribbons.")

### Enjoyed "Coon Hunt"

January 20, 1943.

Editor The Chronicle,  
Berryville, Va.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Thorne kindly granted me permission to send you the enclosed letter commenting on the recent article in your paper by Alexander Higginson on a "Coon Hunt in Millbrook".

Very sincerely yours,

Benson Cannon.

371 Park Ave., N. Y.

January 19, 1943.

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation,  
Burbank, California.

To the Editor:

I am writing this to request the correct mailing address for Mr. A. H. Higginson in England.

His articles in your splendid paper have been such a source of pleasure to me that I wish to write him a letter of appreciation.

Thanking you for your attention in this matter and with best wishes for success in the coming year, I am,

Very sincerely,

Alfred Wagstaff, III.

13641 Chandler Blvd.

Van Nuys, California.

### "Hammer It Home"

To The Editor.

I have had to change from horses to cattle and hogs, have only two hunters left. I could not do without your valuable paper. Please keep up the hunting news, also the stallion thought of disposition and substance, hammer it home!

Yours sincerely, Thos. M. Baker.

### East—West—East

To The Editor.

Thank you such a lot for sending me the pages from the Baltimore Paper describing your part of the country—you are right, I would like it very much.

I thank you too for the extra copy of the Chronicle containing the articles, both serious and humorous, on the forward seat.

Naturally I was pleased to see my little story of breeding hereabouts  
Continued on Page Twenty



## Beagles



### Treweryn Beagles

Sunday, Jan. 3. From all angles Treweryn's first formal Sunday afternoon meet of 1943 was a complete success. Such results were indeed gratifying and very encouraging to Acting Joint-Masters, Cameron MacLeod, Jr., and S. Stockton White, and the entire Hunt Committee who together have worked so hard to maintain the noted 13-inch subscription pack and to keep alive the great sport of beagling for one and all during present day difficulties in the absence of Capt. David B. Sharp, Jr., Treweryn's very able master and huntsman, now serving with the Armed Forces in the Pacific.

When Treweryn hounds met their 3 p. m. fixture at the Radnor Hunt Club, where the committee invited followers to tea following an afternoon of sport in pursuit of the elusive hare, a scene of bustling activity met the beagler's eye. Many were the Treweryn followers who arrived at the Radnor Hunt to meet and exchange sporting greetings this 3rd day of January. When the 10 1-2 couplepack moved off to draw down across the open fields of the Evans farm, a large field of 58 beagling enthusiasts followed. Several likely looking fields of corn and stubble failed to hold a hare this damp, overcast day when the temperature read about 40 degrees.

It wasn't until shortly after 3:45 that the eager, searching pack jumped their hare in a large field of wheat stubble way back in the north end of the Evans farm. With a roaring burst of music as the huntsman's horn sounded *Gone Away*, the merry beagles raced screaming away south on a long, driving sight chase back across the open farmland. Scenting was good; and, as their fleet-footed quarry disappeared from view in the distance, with never a check, hounds drove on across the grass and planting of the Evans farm into the back field of the Radnor Hunt. Swinging lefthanded here, the pack carried the line away west at a fast pace as the hunted jack was viewed away up the middle of the hard road.

This crafty, old hare no doubt realized that the road was about the only means by which she could slow up and possibly lose her relentless pursuers. Such keen nosed individuals as Haig's Tripper (Ch. Watch-this-one—Haig's Turmoll) and Fiddler and Gaffly, both sired by the great Treweryn Forger, were able to catch a faint touch of scent here and there; and hounds managed to slowly trace their hare by road for at least a mile all the way to the woods opposite the entrance of Bryn Clovis Farm. Here sterns began to feather, and the pack spoke the line away west down an old cart path. Mercury (Treweryn Flasher—Music) picked the now cold trail off lefthanded, and presently hounds worked up to the hunted hare squat-

ting in some tall grass. Back out the cart path and down the road, with the screaming pack fairly nipping at her scut, the old hare led—right back through the whole field, actually ducking through the legs of the many surprised beaglers. Nothing seemed to turn this hare off the road. She dodged around both people and cars as she followed the road back from whence she had come.

Huntsman Bob Harrison lifted the pack on back down the road for a way; and, working on, hounds led followers at a good pace down along the rolling grass slopes of Fairy Hill, through the old Farrett farm, and, after a bit more road work across Radnor Hunt property. In all, hounds hunted this crafty, old jack for a little over an hour, and the elusive hare finally made good her escape by means of the road. Although the best sport can not be shown on such a road runner, the many Treweryn followers seemed to keenly enjoy this afternoon in the field with hounds.

Sunday, Jan. 10. The following Sunday the story was very different. Because of the ban on all pleasure driving, the afternoon fixture at Mr. Upton Sullivan's gate had to be cancelled. Treweryn's Acting Joint-Masters and Huntsman roamed hounds 6 miles to a 3 o'clock meet at Bryn Clovis Farm. Instead of the large field numbering 58, there were but 8 very keen followers who managed to get there to meet the Treweryn pack. Some walked, some rode and one Naval officer who had to report back to duty the following day, brought a few beaglers who lived near him, in his car. Sergeant Jimmy Lamb of the Army Intelligence, who has been whipping for Treweryn during the present season, traveled on a bus and two trolleys, then walked 3 miles, a round about trip of an hour and a half, to reach hounds as they moved off from the meet.—Mighty keen, says this reporter—

The mercury stood at 30 degrees this raw, overcast day. A damp, penetrating breeze blew out of the south, and the ground was cold and dry. In fact, dust rose from the winter wheat as hounds drew south across Bryn Clovis in search of the tight-sitting, long-eared hare. As one might readily expect, scenting proved very poor indeed. In the course of the afternoon's sport, 4 hare were viewed away across the open farmland, 2 of which were hunted. After the hard working 10 1-2 couples had trailed their first hare closely and well for about a half hour, her line was finally lost when it led down a dusty pathway. About 4 o'clock hounds were put on the line of their second hare which had been jumped from her snug form in the southern part of Bryn Clovis Farm by a member of the small field. It was not until 5:20 that the huntsman's horn called hounds home, after a slow, circling hunt of an hour and twenty minutes across the open countryside. Hunting carefully and persistently with noses ever close to the cold, dry ground, the merry beagles worked up to their second hare 5 different times and streamed racing away in full chorus on as many driving sight chases. However, when their speedy quarry would quickly disappear from view, the little hounds were always willing and eager to get their tender noses down to the difficult task of picking the faint, spotty scent.

It really seems a shame that more beaglers were unable to spend a few healthy, carefree hours out in the cool, winter air enjoying this inter-

## St. Peter's Beagles

The St. Peter's Beagles have solved the government restriction on pleasure driving by scheduling all hunts within walking distance of the kennels at St. Peter's School, Peekskill. Members living in and around Peekskill, and members taking the train from New York City, reach the school by bus.

On Sunday, January 24th, Hunt Staff and field met at the kennels at 2:00 and walked two miles along East Main Street to St. Joseph's Villa farm. During the walk along the road, hounds were coupled and maintained a brisk pace. Alexander Saunders, Master, carried the horn and hunted a pack of 5 1-2 couple. He was assisted by members of the Junior Hunt Staff of students at St. Peter's School acting as whippers-in: John Batten, Junior Master; Robert Schuster, First Whip; Ellis Asplund and Philip Nordeck.

About half way to St. Joseph's farm Mr. Saunders drew the hounds through a patch of woodland on the left-hand side of the road, but after a brief run it was decided that the ground was too rough for good hunting. Hounds were lifted and brought back to the road. At the farm the hounds were drawn through the open fields lying behind it. After unsuccessfully bearing to the north for some time, they suddenly picked up a line, circled back across the meadows and ran the quarry through the woods into a stone wall. Turning toward the south, a cottontail was raised by Junior Master John Batten and scampered off across the fields.

esting afternoon of slow hunting and fine hound work. In spite of present transportation restrictions, Treweryn fully intends to show sport to the majority of its subscribers for the remainder of the season. The Hunt Committee plans to put out hare in the lower Leopard country near the Kennels. Then it will be back to the good old horse and buggy days when Treweryn followers will be met at the nearby station by a large hay wagon—maybe two! There will be plenty of room for one and all.

—R. P. W. H.

Kingsland Rover, veteran twelve-year-old leader of the St. Peter's pack, picked up the line immediately and gave tongue. The rest of the pack followed with Kingsland Mermaid, Buckram Delicate and St. Peter's Carnival, one of the young entry hunting for the second time, close after Rover. Reaching the top of a hill, the field was afforded the sight of the entire pack in close pursuit. Continued on Page Seventeen

## Lovely Night

Bay, 1936

by PILATE—SNOOZE,

by PETER PAN

(Property of  
Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark)

Lovely Night was a winner in each of the four seasons he raced, a stakes winner in two seasons. He won 14 races and \$55,660, was five times second, five times third.

Although not a stakes winner at two, Lovely Night was a colt of stakes class, won the Sultana and Big Blaze Handicaps, three allowance races, was second in Great American Stakes, Remsen Handicap, and third in Ardsley Handicap. At three he won Constitution, Queens County, Empire City, and Butler Handicaps. At six in 1942 he won The Imperial Cup, the Amagansett Handicap, Cagliostro Hurdle Handicap, Shillelagh Steeplechase, was second in Broad Hollow Steeplechase Handicap. He injured his ankle in the last named race and was retired.

Lovely Night is a son of the successful young sire Pilate (also sire of Eight Thirty, etc.) and out of the dam of the stakes winner Pompeys Pillar and two other winners from six foals.

## Private Contract

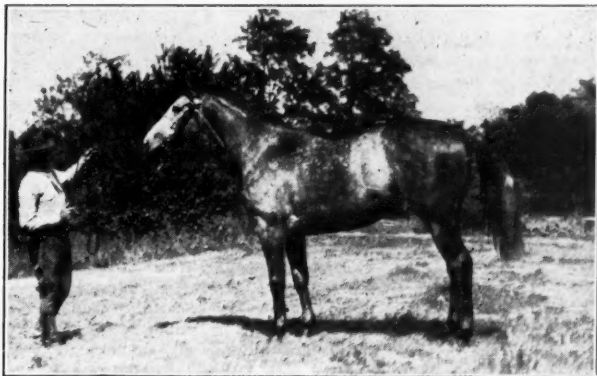
STANDING AT

**ELSMUDE FARM**

Russell Cave Pike

LEXINGTON, KY.

## COQ D'ESPRIT



COQ D'ESPRIT, grey, 1934, by \*COQ GAULOIS—DULCY, by \*LIGHT BRIGADE, is a magnificent individual, standing 16.3½, measures 79 inches around girth, 9½" below the knee and weighs 1,500 pounds. Combining, as he does, the jumping qualities of \*COQ GAULOIS and \*LIGHT BRIGADE, and being a brilliant jumper himself, he should prove a most outstanding sire of jumpers.

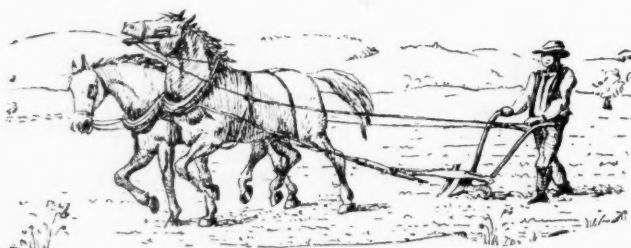
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# FARMING in WAR TIME



## Brucellosis of Cattle

In further effort to give our readers information regarding the above cattle scourge, we now quote from the Farmer's Bulletin No. 1871, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. We hope by dealing with the treatments one at a time it will impress on cattle men the various methods that the Department has tried and their findings. It is a matter of deep importance. We quote:—

Obviously the surest method of eradicating any disease spread through contact is by removal and slaughter of the infected animals. This method has proved very satisfactory in the control of bovine tuberculosis and has been very effective in reducing the incidence of Bang's disease under the Federal-State cooperative program, begun in 1934. Thousands of herds have been freed of this malady, after from one to six blood tests made at proper intervals, by the removal of the positive reactors, accompanied with disinfection of premises and other sanitary measures.

Even when allowance is made for Federal and State indemnity payments, this method of control might appear costly to the owner, especially where a large percentage of animals are affected, but the benefits are immediately available in calf production, a marked decrease in breeding troubles, and an increased milk supply.

The test-and-slaughter method has been criticized because not all

herds may be cleaned up as a result of a few tests. Undoubtedly some of the poor results obtained in this respect have been due to too infrequent testing in herds in which the disease is in an active state. In such herds, greater success has been obtained when retests are made not more than 2 to 3 weeks apart. The test-and-slaughter method is more likely to prove successful and practical in herds in which the disease exists in a chronic form.

It has been found in some instances after the reactors are removed and replacements added to the herd that the disease may reappear in the replacements. Since replacements in these herds are invariably tested before shipment or purchased from negative herds, subsequent abortion in these animals indicates that there is a residual infection in the herd or that infection persists elsewhere on the premises. After a herd has been freed from infection, it is a virgin herd so far as reinfection is concerned and great care should be exercised in the matter of additions to the herd.

In several States the area plan of testing is in progress. This plan requires that all the cattle in a county be included in the Federal-State program. The area plan makes the test-and-slaughter method more effective in the eradication of brucellosis due to the lessening of possibility of reinfection in the area.

## National Western Stock Show

Out in Denver, Colorado the Stock Show, Rodeo and Horse Show, which we said our contributors were gunning for, is more water under the bridge. Evidently a huge success. In front of this desk is a carefully cut out batch of clippings. A report of the high winners in the various classes of the stock show, and a note "please don't use my name in connection with such report as you may make off of the summaries below, as I feel awkward handling these huge critters, even on paper. It is an unfamiliar subject for me to handle. I am including clippings so you can get the spirit and scope of the huge affair. Next week I'll try to send you a review of the rodeo." Therefore the Chronicler who took all this trouble for us must remain incognito, prompt: In the meanwhile we will do our best to present the picture.

The show opened on the 16th of January and ended the 23rd, or Saturday to Saturday inclusive. A victory dinner worthy of note was given by the Brown Palace Hotel, on the 20th, cover charge being the purchase of a \$5,000 war bond, special speaker Richard Wilson, war correspondent, who had been captive of the Japanese.

One paper said of the show:—"Stockmen are here who know their business and they are here on business." Talking in numbers, 15,000 cattle were expected; 75,000 head of all types of livestock would pass through the yards. "Receipts are expected to top 3 million dollars for stockmen. Taking into account bank clearings of an additional 2 million at least, the total will probably approach 6 million dollars."

The grand champion steer, Hells-popper (Hereford) Columbian Ranch, Blanca, Col. (owned by A. A. Kramer, Kansas City).

The grand champion bull in Herefords was from the great Wyoming Hereford Ranch, (familiarily known as the WHR) of Cheyenne, Wyoming. WHR Proud Princeps 9th.

In Aberdeen-Angus, the champion was Elba's Revolution III, Swartz Brothers, Everest, Kansas.

In Shorthorns, he was Divide Defiance, Allen Cattle Company, Colorado Springs, Col. Space will not allow of more details of these three breeds and their winnings. But we must bring out this point:—Young Quayle bought his two Shorthorn steers, with both of which he won, for \$50 apiece in Colorado, a little more than a year ago. Shorty won in the 750-875 class and Pudgy won in the 875-1,000 pound class. There is not a record of the sale of these two, as they were to be sold later in the week, but figure it out, do they convert feed into beef weight?

But back to the bulls, the astounding figure of \$8,750, a price to smash to an all-time high, was paid by Sam McKelvie, former governor of Nebraska, for Dan Thornton's Hereford bull Carlos Royal, which had been reserve champion bull of the show; another Thornton Hereford went for \$6,600. An O. E. Taussig bull moved from Colorado to Arizona, leaving \$8,000 behind as a gesture of the new owner. The show was full of huge prices, Dan Thornton sold 10 bulls for \$40,000.

Here is a note for Angus men, Billy Ehrman, aged 18, won the junior championship of the breed with a baby beef he paid \$52 for. Donald Brown who is 15, won reserve champion of the breed with a steer he paid \$50 for when the animal was 500 pounds, he put 500 pounds more on him in little more than a year.

This must stop, but to horse farmers, surely the reason for our plea for beef as a part of the farm program must have more weight after these figures sink in. The plea for breeders to help the 4-H clubs as a farmer-breed-selfgain move of extreme value cannot help becoming accentuated.

## HERD DIRECTORY

In order to assist readers of The Chronicle who pay especial attention to maximum production from their farms, we present this directory of the owners of good herds of the country. We hope that it will prove of benefit to those who sell and also buy.

### MARYLAND

ABERDEEN-ANGUS BEEF CATTLE  
PERCHERON DRAFT HORSES  
MONOCACY FARMS Frederick, Md.

### VIRGINIA

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ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE  
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George Christie Manager Edward Jenkins Owner  
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International Grand Champion Bulls  
on straight Scotch Foundation females.  
Top converters of grass into beef at weight for age.  
MR. AND MRS. A. MACKAY SMITH  
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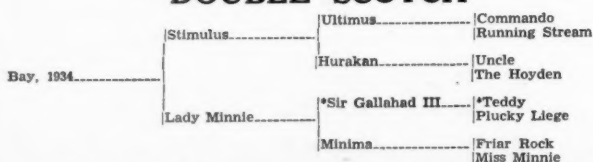
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- 3 "Farm Security with Shorthorns." Cram-full of educational facts and pictures on what Shorthorns can do for you and why they are the Universal Breed.

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WEST COAST STUDIES  
Photos Courtesy B. W. Zimmerman



PLUCKY ADMIRAL by PLUCKY PLAY, chestnut gelding, 4-years-old, standing 16.1. This attractive green hunter is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fisher of Sacramento, Calif. He was the winner of the Novice Hunter class at the Yant Hill Hunter Trials this fall. Jean Stout is riding.



BAN HASEN, (BANK--MISS DEUTSCH) this aged brown gelding has accounted for many open class ribbons on the Pacific Coast and it still takes a good one to beat him. Second in the Open Jumpers and fifth in the Working Hunters at the recent Hunter Trials at the Barbara Worth Stables. Margaret Davis, owner riding, Sacramento, Calif.



GOLD FLIGHT, (HIGH CLOUD--PRINCESS PEGGY) 7-year-old, brown gelding standing 16.2. An exceptional stripped hunter with lots of bounce and sweet way of going. At the Fall Gymkhana Club show in San Mateo, Calif., he was third in Working Hunters and coupled with Fred Anderson's KAUTIOUS KITTY they had the blue in the pair class. At the recent Hunter Trials at the Barbara Worth Stables he was second in the Lightweight Hunters. Hazel Binder, owner riding, Sacramento, Calif.



LEW DUNBAR, chestnut, 1933, \*ROYAL CANOPY--LUCIE DUNBAR by TRAP ROCK, is a fine study of a 17.2-1/2 horse that handles his feet and jumps on gaily. Al Homewood has the faculty of giving his mounts the ride like. This picture especially demonstrates the power this horse has in his quarters for his propelling. of course, is owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Correll, who has that great show hunter, DALCHOLIN, also. A nice for anyone's stable.

--Carl Klein



We have read the good accounts of the various days of sport that this pack, at Altoona, Pa., have enjoyed during this season. They have been furnished by Hon. Secretary George P. Gable. For the pictures we are beholden to Dr. L. Pellman Glover, who states he is sending these of the annual blessing of the hounds in response to our request for such pictures. We are grateful to him and hope others will follow his lead and that George Gable will carry on till the season's end.

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# Horsemastership

By MARGARET DE MARTELLY

## PREPARATION FOR A RIDE

Pursuant to a foregoing chapter on cross-country riding, it might be interesting to discuss procedure, together with a few tried and true tricks by which a horse is defeated in his more or less minor acts of insubordination.

If it is at all possible, a rider is very wise to do everything for himself from the moment the stall door is opened until it is closed again after the ride.

The average horse knows, the moment a hand is placed on his halter shank, whether he is going to be efficiently ridden or whether he is going to have the upper hand. The rider should walk up to the horse calmly, but in a business like manner, pat the horse on the neck or rub his ear, or his nose and say a few words to him in a friendly tone of voice.

It is fun to give a horse sugar, but considering the wear and tear on his kidneys, it is most unwise. If he must be fed as an act of affection, he should be given carrots or apples and these should be given after the ride as a reward, rather than before the ride as a bribe.

### He Leads and Is Bitted

In leading a horse, the person should turn his back, a horse will usually balk and pull back if he is gazing into a human face, no matter what be its degree of pulchritude. Instinct tells him that something is wrong and unsafe and if he does not become panicky, he will at least be unwilling. With the person's back turned to the horse, a firm but gentle tug at the halter and a quiet authoritative voice, the horse will follow naturally.

The reins of the bridle are placed around the horse's neck. Then with the bridle in the left hand the halter is removed. If the horse makes an attempt to move away, the reins are ready to stay him. The throat latch, nose band and curb chain of course, were unfastened when the bridle was last removed.

The bits are placed across the extended thumb and fore-finger of the left hand and the crown piece is taken in the right hand. The middle finger of the left hand is inserted in the interdental space on the right side of the horse's mouth. His mouth thus can be forced open and the bits are slipped into the mouth. The headstall is placed over the left ear and then the right ear, is pulled through as gently as possible. The throat latch is buckled very closely, the nose band is buckled, the cheek straps are adjusted and the curb chain is fastened. Care must be taken to see that there are no twists in the curb chain and that each link is flat. If the curb rein is pulled back, approximately to the position it will be when it is engaged from the saddle, the angle between the shank of the bit, and this rein should be a right angle. The curb chain is then sufficiently loose to avoid pain to the horse and sufficiently tight to be effective.

### He Is Mounted

The hair on the horse's back is smoothed toward the rear. The saddle is placed on his withers and slid back into place so that no hair on his back is turned against the grain, the girth is buckled, the stirrup leathers slipped to the bottoms of the leathers and the rider is ready to mount.

Although there are orthodox rules with regard to mounting a horse, many animals have unpleasant characteristics, some playful, some vicious, each requiring different methods. If he turns his head and bites while the rider is mounting, the reins are taken in the right hand and the rider, standing in rear of the girth, faces front. He places his right hand on the pommel, steadies the left stirrup with his left hand and steps into it. He places the left hand on the horse's withers and springs into the saddle.

If the horse cowkicks, the rider takes his reins in his left hand, faces the rear and holds stirrup with his right hand. If the horse will not stand still while being mounted, the rider resorts to the procedure known as "cheeking" the horse. With his left hand he takes the reins at the approximate length that they will be when he is mounted and, with the same hand he clutches the left cheek strap of the bridle. He steadies the stirrup with the right hand and inserts his left foot. He places his right hand on the pommel. Through the procedure he keeps the horse's head turned and held as close as possible to the rider. If the horse moves, he is forced to turn on a very small circle. The rider hops with him, on his right foot, watches his chance and springs into the saddle, still holding the cheek strap. When he does let go, the reins are properly adjusted and he is ready to restrain the horse. The entire operation is made easier by lengthening the stirrup before hand.

### Adjustments When Mounted

The next step is to extend the left foot without the stirrup, forward over the horse's shoulder, raise the panel of the saddle and tighten the girth if it is necessary. The feet are then placed in the stirrups and adjusted. When adjusting the left stirrup, the reins are held in the right hand and vice-versa.

Foot pressure is released sufficiently to permit the buckle of the leather to be pulled below the flap of the saddle. With the fingers pointing down, he raises the end of the leather near the buckle. By pressure of the foot the tongue of the buckle is forced out of the hole in the leather and the stirrup is raised up or lowered as desired. The tongue is pushed back into the hole with the thumb and fore-finger. By releasing the foot pressure, the buckle is again raised up under the flap to the bar which holds it and the end of the leather is pushed to the rear. In the same manner, the other stirrup is adjusted. This adjustment can be accomplished successfully at a walk, trot or gallop.

The reins can quite properly be held in either or both hands. If held in both hands, the snaffle reins are always carried outside the last finger. If they are carried in one hand, there must be a finger between each rein. The first and fourth reins are the snaffle, the second and third are the curb. They pass upward through the palms and are held in place by the thumbs and forefingers.

If the horse is to be lead in the bridle, the reins are slipped off over the head. The bights of the reins are held in the left hand and the right hand holds all of them firmly, six or eight inches from the bits.

If he is to be grazed, the reins are left around his neck, the bridle slipped off and held in the left hand. The right hand holds the reins firmly, up close to the horse's neck.

## Present Hounds

Continued from Page Three

satisfaction that a pack will hunt closer, work together better and develop fewer speed faults and even lose some of the faults they might have if the fastest ones are put down.

If any of you new huntsmen are having trouble with your packs stringing out, or only having part of your pack up when the hunt is over, try leaving a couple or two of your fastest hounds in the kennel for about a month and see if the rest of the pack doesn't improve. While the fast ones are kept in they will undoubtedly put on weight which may slow them down enough to make them work into the pack much better if tried again.

### Range Of Hounds on A Draw

It often happens that the fast, wide going hounds are the ones that have a tendency to draw too wide and be more or less out of control of the huntsman, which I consider another serious fault. The wider the hounds are scattered when they are drawing a cover the harder they are to get off alone on a fox, which is often the end of things as far as the pack is concerned.

I have found that the average hound, even unentered to an organized pack, will vary his range in direct relation to the amount of horn and voice the huntsman uses, provided of course that he is not an out and out independent self hunter. An occasional note on the horn and spoken, rather than yelled, encouragement will keep hounds in much closer touch with the huntsman. They will also be much more attentive to a command, a "hark", or each other's first notes, than if horn and voice are used more or less continuously. Noise scatters them and makes them indifferent to handling. A "hark" or a "gone away" breaking a comparative silence brings much more positive and quick results, as compared to a louder command added to a constant coaxing or encouragement.

### Horn, Voice And Whip

Most of my experience has been with American and Cross Bred hounds, and I have never had the good fortune to be assisted by a really experienced whipper-in, but I

At the conclusion of the ride, the rider should dismount and loosen the girth, 5 minutes before the saddle is removed. The area under the saddle is warm and moist. If cool air is allowed to hit the spot with a rush, it causes shock, sore muscles and is often injurious to the kidneys. Cool air should be allowed to seep gradually under the saddle by loosening the girth.

believe hounds should hark together, when one or more strike a line, entirely voluntarily. A hound that needs to be whipped to the pack isn't worth bringing out. Horn and voice will hurry them, encourage

Continued on Page Nineteen



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## WAR and the HORSE



### Dry Weather Soldering

In order that cavalry might be better able to keep pace with the mighty speed required by modern armies, it was refitted with machines instead of horses; in some cases, partially mechanized and partially left with horses.

It will be remembered that there was an article in *The Chronicle*, splendidly illustrated, demonstrating the manner in which the cavalryman's mounts could be hauled in huge trailers, to the point they wish to reach before going into action, or entering some mission which they were called upon to perform. This combination made for speed, it was admirable; first the motor to take the unit to the place of action, then the horse to carry out the mission with, the last word in modern cavalry.

### The Terrain

This is all as it should be, but, everyone concerned with the dovetailing of the horsed cavalry into the modern mechanized army had overlooked the all-important factor, which allows for mobility, and that is the terrain. As long as the fighting could be where there are hard surfaced roads or highways or dry desert, then everything is alright. But the occasion can arise and even now has arisen, where there are no roads or dry desert, for passage of motorized vehicles, and the slide roads are nothing more than trails or lanes.

What now of the motors that are the mainstay of the fast manoeuvring troops? Can they haul troops to advantageous points from which to harass an enemy? Can they hasten the advance of troops so that they may overtake the retreating enemy column? To all of these questions the answer is that they are bogged down. You who slushed through the mud of the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne know what mud and roads can become when thousands of troops are trying to make progress. You do not have to be told that for every motor on the road it takes one caterpillar to make them of value for rapid movement. It is true that the jeep can do much, but not with the versatility of the horse, as the latter can be combined for greater power in hauling.

### Completely Horsed Commands

The climate of Europe has not changed one iota in these 20 odd years. The same conditions will prevail and do prevail over there right now. Perhaps there are fronts where the ground is still frozen, but not for long. When thawing starts it will be the same story. What can be done about it? The completely horsed

command might be the answer, mounted men to fight as mounted infantry, as our men have been taught; horse drawn wagon trains to keep the mounted units supplied, without fear of gasoline shortage, or mud hindrance; horse drawn supporting light artillery. Now what have we?

An indomitable advance, weather, roads, night or day, nothing from the elements to halt them. Reserves to replace the horses that may become casualties? Have you ever seen the mobile picket line, a trooper at the front and another at the rear, with horses, ready for work tied on either side, moving up into the line? If you have, then you have seen how horsed units can replace their casualties, which correspond to motors that are no longer serviceable. Such repairs call for no unit of mechanics and repair trucks; for either repair or ditch the truck so that others may pass, is the only answer for the mechanized units. Then again, these horses must eat, what about that? Why, a march is started with a full nosebag stowed away, one inside and another in some part of the pack. The march is completed, the nose bag goes on for a spell. Hay will be along in the escort wagon, sometime, there is sure to be water, if there is mud, old campaigners on four legs are never too particular about the purity of their drink.

### Always Advance

There it is, while the motors are, to put it bluntly "stuck". This indomitable column of fighting, aggressive cavalrymen, able to handle understandingly the only vehicles that can advance in spite of terrain conditions, which motors cannot tackle, either by reason of the mud or the impassability of the inclines, moves on, dismounts, goes into action, mounts and moves on. They are confident, for have they not the only means of making this advance that will route the enemy? Are they not sure that their support will reach them with light artillery barrage, spare horse replacements, forage and fodder, in the course of time?

Yes sir, this is not like the last war, for which the flower of the British cavalry was made to fight from machines, in memory of which the brass hats of the U. S. Army mechanized their best, or most of their best cavalry regiments. We said so on Sept. 4, and Oct. 2 and we say it again today, they lack foresight, imagination. Rather than wait to prepare units from among the lesser trained in military discipline, they took our magnificently trained cavalry regiments and made them into motorized units. Today, the road is open to move horsed units to a spot where they could tell the tale of their value to our army. Yes and again, all we have is one Division that is horsed.

### What Of The Russians?

It is a fact that the Russians have captured 20,000 horses from the Germans since last November, it is a fact that the Russians depend greatly on their small chunky ponies to get around and carry out the strategic tasks which have made such monkeys of the German opposition. Yes, we say monkeys, for troops that can move despite adverse conditions are bound to do just that to any foe.

Wet weather and rain, snow and ice, nothing stops the Russian advance. Their supplies are hauled almost exclusively by horses, their cavalry moves from point to point to harass the enemy at will. The fact that the Russian-German campaign is in constant movement, powered

with horses as is known, and the assurance that our forces in North Africa are at a standstill in comparison, may be proof to our authorities that they have overlooked a bet in not having a balanced command. That we cannot move is no excuse for the present standstill. Russia moves, Germany moves, but England and America have motorized their units to the point of saturation, to the place where they are unable to carry their initial victories to completion, allowing the enemy to reorganize which will mean increased loss of life, when the weather lets up.

### The Cavalry Patrols

Now suppose the period for the usefulness of the Cavalry has ended, motors can again cover the ground in far less time than the horsed units, it is their turn now. What of the cavalry? The areas that have been captured by the continued advances must be policed and adequately patrolled. Let the horsed cavalry take over in these comparative rest areas. Release the motors to do the fighting, while they carry on this other duty, equally necessary, but not as strenuous, a rest period for the horsemen, action for the motors. Then, when weather conditions break again, there are the rested horsed units ready to go back into the line. There shall be no let up, nothing can stop this indomitable advance of an army prepared to take advantage of all resources, ready to carry out the task of defeating the enemy. That is how the horsed cavalry could be used. That is how they are likely to be used, if foresight is used and prejudice cast aside.

This is no fanciful dream for the vindication of the horsed cavalry, it is a summarization of the situation as it now exists with our combat forces. There is too the angle of adequate reconnaissance, the man with the tank was of the opinion that because he was in a tank, reconnaissance was not necessary. Today it has been shown that there is need for proper preparation of the land for the advance, of any kind of column. It has been seen furthermore that there are many instances where a strategically used mounted reconnaissance party can function as no other unit can with a similar mission. To the skeptic this may seem illogical, space will not allow of explanation, but it is so, ask the man who has been ambushed and lived to tell the tale!

### Transferred to Reno

Captain Bill Rand, who has been on duty so long at Front Royal Remount, has been transferred to Fort Reno Remount Station. His duties will probably be with the personnel department. Lieutenant Alfred G. Allen has been transferred from duty with the Dogs for Defense activity at Front Royal to the animal department.

### Major Louis A. Beard

Major Beard, one time polo player on the U. S. Army team, Chief of Remount and later manager of the Whitney racing interests is recovering at Lexington from pneumonia.

### Talmage, Jr. With Mounted Patrol

E. T. H. Talmage, Jr. reports that he is in Corolla, North Carolina and that the Coast Guard outfit is doing a grand job. He has turned Advance, the Cleveland Bay he bought from Kenneth Gilpin out for the duration, after many corking hunts on him this year.

## Fort Riley Notes

The following are due to graduate from the O. C. S. on the 29th.: A. A. (Sandy) Baldwin, Charley von Stade, Lou Rowan, Louis Stoddard, Jr., and (Pete) G. H. Bostwick. Speaking of them, one of the instructors states:—"we were successful for the reason that these men put in honest-to-God hard work." Chronicle Strickland did a fine job of instructing Bostwick by the way. Bobby Young is a sergeant and may be going to school. He is doing a fine job as instructor.

Leo Boyle is also in the class with Baldwin et al.

Norman Clelland is down in Texas now.

Basil Clelland, Norman's brother, is in horsemanship now and may be retained as an instructor after he finishes.

Peter Lert will probably go to school pretty soon. Vin Polk, another West Coaster, a jockey, made a very favorable impression and may also be retained to instruct.

Morton (Cappy) Smith, when he finishes his basic training, will be assigned somewhere.

Leslie Grimes, former huntsman for the Fairfield County Hounds has had a bit of bad luck in that a horse fell with him on some ice and he broke his ankle. He is now down at Front Royal.

An amusing story about Bostwick is worth retelling:—"The enlisted instructors are required to take care of their own horses. Part of that care requires that the manes be roached weekly. One Friday evening, in preparation for Saturday's inspection, the boys were hard at work putting the finishing touches to their tack. Pete gets his chestnut mare, brings her to the center of the stable and cross ties her in the aisle. He got the clippers from the tool room and plugged them in. Nothing happens for a few minutes. He is apparently lost in thought. Finally he turns to Louis Stoddard and demands: 'Louis how do you turn this damn thing on?' The rest of the section laughed till I thought the roof would fall in!" Our informant goes on to say:—"I don't believe people realize how much hard work there is that goes with instructing green recruits in riding. Those boys have to do it in any kind of weather and regardless of how slow the man they are teaching is in grasping the subject, they must never lose their temper or become sarcastic. Their personal appearances must at all times be excellent and their horse and tack must look as though they're about to go into the show ring. And that is not hokey."

Editor's Note:—"We are indeed grateful to this informant who is well known in the horse world of the upper Atlantic states. He has promised more and also we give a report of his point of view on the Riley Hounds, under their button, elsewhere in this issue."

## A SURVEY

A survey undertaken at the request of Bob Patterson, assistant secretary of War, reveals that of every 1,000 men enlisted, 144 were either drivers of mechanics by profession in civil life. Maybe the powers will turn back some of the grand old horse cavalrymen to their proper places, with horsed units. They can afford to do so, instead of taking men who have never been on a horse and trying to make them into horsed troopers.

## Blue R

Conti

of cattle, suers. Ho wind now ahead, seen but they Corner sel Wisecarver ness was r of account seemed ren in. This and about

Two oth Ridge wer Clay Hill from Bro were glad ment from Front Roy and Pons, others. A Mt. Airy r Spring wo Meade Blu celebrated fore enter a nailed-u 5' 0"). O the Stroth ed back c Airy wher Dr. Wilm second fox bluff gave of over an two inche ground, a ren gave u over much excursion On the of the nin donec bec had a nice 10th. Fi pine thick Lover's L from the Hall wood some of o

On Sat housewar Tom Byrd It was sti afternoon little and friend, the cedars, ju ditch to the river ba Fauntleroy Montana appeared. found aga the Red C the line w which we lops. Sce the time h across G bawling a here our straight across Ru the north woods, wh was a fine produced cult cond memorabl hunt of M ford in w sure of sta ed her fl fore, but of several a few yes this day were muc style and a tribute to the exo ward seat Miss Ston



Blue Ridge

Continued from page One

of cattle, gaining a little on his pursuers. Hounds were running down wind now and with the fox farther ahead, scent did not lie quite so well, but they pushed on past the Pine's Corner school house and across the Wisecarver and Fenton farms. Darkness was not far off and the chance of accounting for our fox beforehand seemed remote, so hounds were taken in. This was a point of 5 1/2 miles and about ten as hounds ran.

Two other good days with the Blue Ridge were Saturday the 12th from Clay Hill and Wednesday the 23rd from Brookfield. On the first we were glad to have with us a detachment from the Remount Depot at Front Royal, Capt. Rand, Lts. Allen and Pons, Private "Red" Kent and others. A fox viewed in the open on Mt. Airy ran north through the Fox Spring woods and Clay Hill into the Meade Blue Grass (where Dr. Birch celebrated his last day's hunting before entering the Navy, by jumping a nailed-up gap the chilly side of 5' 0"). Our pilot continued north to the Strother thickets and then doubled back over the same line to Mt. Airy where he crossed the pike into Dr. Wilmer's—terra incognita. A second fox in the Shannon Hill river bluff gave us a good, if circular, hunt of over an hour. On the 23rd, with two inches of melting snow on the ground, a fox from the Rabbit Warren gave us an hour and fifty minutes over much the same territory with an excursion into Land's End thrown in.

On the Rock Hill side where four of the nine fixtures had to be abandoned because of bad weather, we had a nice day from Bellfield on the 10th. First a fast burst from the pine thickets near Will Burtner's to Lover's Leap and then a good hunt from the Red Gate to the Montana Hall woods and back again, across some of our best country.

On Saturday the 19th we had a housewarming meet at The Cliff, the Tom Byrd's new house at 1 o'clock. It was still freezing, but during the afternoon the thermometer rose a little and scent improved. Our old friend, the beige fox of the Red Gate cedars, jumped up in view out of the ditch to the east and ran first to the river bank, then south across Fauntleroy's run and west toward the Montana Hall woods where scent disappeared. Five minutes later we found again on the northern edge of the Red Gate woods, our fox taking the line up-river to Sherwood over which we have had so many fine gallops. Scent steadily improved and by the time hounds made him break west across Graveyard Hill, they were bawling along at a good clip. From here our pilot turned north and ran straight through the Earle woods across Runnymede and Red Gate into the northern end of the Montana Hall woods, where we called it a day. This was a fine piece of hound work that produced a good hunt in spite of difficult conditions. The day was also memorable in that it marked the first hunt of Miss Georgene Lee of Guilford in whose coverts we are always sure of starting a good fox. She jumped her first fence only two days before, but mounted on Bayard, winner of several heavyweight point-to-points a few years back, she went through this day (and many to come that were much more severe) in perfect style and with immense enthusiasm, a tribute to the horse, the rider, and to the excellent grounding in the forward seat contributed by her teacher, Miss Stoney Walton of St. Margaret's

Arapahoe Hunt

Continued from Page One

half couple of new hounds from Paepcke's did very well, although they were not as fit as the old hounds.

On the thirteenth we worked north, and hounds picked up a cold line but didn't do much until a coyote was viewed running up the Anticline. Scent was evidently very spotty, but we had a fast morning in spite of it, with the coyote viewed from time to time just ahead of us, and he was the first known coyote to cross into the East Ranch and bring us home again—usually they run east indefinitely.

The next Thursday we had rather a blank day, until, working home with the sun setting over the mountains in the distance behind us, we met Billy Hayhurst who had just seen a coyote a few moments before. In the half dark, hounds picked up the line east of the cornfield, and we flew across the fields, across the headquarters road and all the way to the pond in the north of the Twoer, before it was too dark to go further.

The Sunday following, George tallyhoed just as he had put hounds into covert. They circled, and ran by kennels, and west across the headquarters road; then they swung north into the Pollack, and around east and south again all the way to the Buffalo fence where they had to be called in. Later, hounds picked up another line, only to check at the Buffalo fence after a few minutes burst.

During Christmas vacation, the field looked a little more as it used to, with several regular members back with us. Our master, Captain Phipps was here, two former whippers-in were home on furlough, Col. and Mrs. Klopefers daughter Nancy and husband Captain Richard Starks were here from Fort Bliss, and Rowena Emery was home from Vassar.

On Christmas Eve, cold weather and a high wind spoiled the scent but not a very jolly supper in the Caboose, and New Year's Eve more than made up for that one poor day. Hounds picked up a line going towards the Hole, and made three complete circles around the Hole and Anticline, to give us a good afternoon's run before straightening out and heading due east across the Wildcat Road. It was beginning to get late, but New Year's Eve or not, on we went with the hope of having one of our rare kills. The coyote ran just to the east of the Pinnacles, and it was a pleasure to be galloping across open fields instead of struggling up and down hills again

School, Tappahannock, a frequent contributor to these columns.

One more incident deserves recording. On Saturday the 5th we were drawing the woods west of the Shumate farm, when Richard Dole, whose eye had been roving about as usual, suddenly exclaimed, "There he is", and pointed to a small tree about thirty feet high with a practically smooth trunk. On the top was a heap of sticks, like a crow's nest, and on top of that a grey fox, who had assumed this commanding position of his own sweet will and was calmly surveying the scene below. Over the protests of the ladies, we shook him out, but, as so often happens on such occasions, he managed to save his brush, although hounds were snapping at it as he hit the ground.

—A. M. S.

CAVALRY SCHOOL HUNT

Fort Riley, Kansas. Established 1921. Recognized 1923.



"We hunt once a week, on Sundays. Everyone is too busy to go out any other time and a few even then, do not get out. It's drag hunting as you know. Everyone who hunts feels he is mighty lucky to get to hunt at all. Major and Mrs. Henry B. Cox, Jr., the joint-M. F. H. at Whittemarsh, are out here. They are regulars with hounds, never miss no matter where they meet on the reservation.

I am constantly amazed at the pack. You know how jack rabbits are very plentiful out here and often the pack jumps them when running a drag line. Instead of the frequent riot which often occurs with some more fashionable packs, this pack pays little heed. Colonel Macdonald has little need for a whip, his voice and that used very little, serves him far better."

Editor's note:—It is with quite a bit of pride that I have just copied this last for the linotype. Coming from a man who has hunted with the best, I know how it will make my friend of many years, Colonel Macdonald feel. So many people are directly or indirectly connected with the pack. But for the last many years "Mac" has been the man who has gone along with them and rated this praise from a man who knows what he is talking about.

Beyond the Pinnacles, he turned north, and was viewed again and again just one valley ahead of us. We had started at two, and the light was falling; horses and hounds were beginning to falter but certainly the coyote was tiring too, and on we went. Then the coyote swung west again towards kennels and we knew we had finally succeeded in turning him. It was almost pitch dark, before hounds checked just outside a farmyard, and we reluctantly had to give him up. Just as we started home, the mistress of the farm, Mrs. MacArthur, came out and invited us to the house for refreshments. Never has anything tasted so good, nor a moment's rest done a weary bunch of men, horses and hounds so much good. Coming out of that bright and cheery kitchen, we climbed on our mounts and rode the long starlit way home full of New Year's Eve cheer, rejoicing in a record run of 3 hours and 25 minutes after being out 5 and one half hours.

H. C. N.

FRANKSTOWN HUNT

Altoona, Pennsylvania. Established 1933. Recognized 1938.



Dear Sir:

I saw in The Chronicle where the Frankstown Hunt had discontinued hunting. There is sure some mistake about this. I, as Master, hunt my hounds and take them out twice a week. We didn't hunt one week as the weather was too bad—and also it was the first week after the gas ban.

We are hunting regularly with smaller fields as some live too far away.

I wish you would make a correction in the next edition as it is not good for our club. You know some people get upset and want to sell their horses and don't pay their dues, and we have to have both. I am sure the Franktown will hunt, if I have to do it myself. Please correct this the best you can. I don't think such things should be published unless by someone in authority.

I am enjoying The Chronicle very much and wish more hunts would put it in your paper. I know it would help your business and that is what we all need.

Thanking you very much,

Paul S. Vipond, M. F. H.

St. Peter's Beagles

Continued from Page Eleven

suit of the quarry who circled the open country before disappearing in a thicket through which the hounds ran it into a stone wall on the other side.

Following a walk back to the kennels, tea was served by Mr. and Mrs. N. Harvey Stabb of the staff of St. Peter's School.

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# Lost Hounds

Continued from Page Six

a vestige of the hunt behind, except a few sixpences dropped in the mud for an old woman by the way.

It often happens that pedestrians start out bravely to see as much of the hunt as they can by walking and running from one good vantage point to another. Today the proprietor of the pub felt moved to stretch his stout legs in this fashion. An old man he was, who in younger days had been a professional huntsman, and when the infirmities of age had got the best of him, had settled down to a less active though less interesting mode of life. Several others of less importance, but quite as much absorbed in the realm of hunting and racing as he, joined him, and in an unobtrusive little group they trudged behind the long line of horsemen, when the latter moved off towards the cover. By way of marked contrast to the smart costumes of those on horseback, several of the pedestrians wore burlap bags over their shoulders in lieu of raincoats, and all of them were equipped with the heaviest of walking-boots armored with hob-nails so that they clattered upon the stoney road almost as loudly as so many horseshoes. Far in the rear though they were, they had the pleasure of hearing the premature burst of uproar, and of seeing at a distance, the terrific scrimmage which ensued. That was about all they did see; if ever the phrase "Gone away" had been an appropriate one, it surely was so this day. "Gone away" were they all before the walkers ever got near the cover. The same rolling hills, emerald green, which shortly were to swallow up the Master's hounds, now had swallowed up not only hounds but horses and horsemen as well, so far as concerned the little group on foot, hoping to see the hunt or some of it. They hurried along past the broken gate, into the grass-field, soon got out of breath, running across the field, and having reached a fair point-of-view, climbed a bank and stood there, becoming collectively a feature of the landscape, visible from afar. A vast area was within their range of vision, that is to say, the horizon might be five miles away, but it being a land of rolling hills rather than flat, much that lay open to the misty sky above was hidden from the watchers by undulations of green fields. The hunt, so far as they were concerned, appeared to be something of a blank. All of it that remained, were those few vestiges, commonly left behind in the passage across country of a pack of hounds in full cry, which are quite familiar to practiced eyes and ears, such as the violent barking of a farm-dog, cattle in the field, instead of grazing contentedly, standing at attention, looking concernedly in the direction whither the disturbance, like a sudden gust of wind, has passed on. Rooks about the farmhouse squawked. The farmer's wife, broom in hand, stood in her doorway, gazing only at the distant hills.

Time passed, the watchers on the bank grew weary, lit pipes, made commonplace remarks, not worth the uttering, as would be expected of people who came out to see a show and came too late.

Their sharp eyes scanned the landscape, and saw nothing but greenness and far away a plowed field against whose rich-brown surface, a great flock of white gulls fluttered, evidently preferring the stability of these rolling hills to the restless waves of the sea. After a long while, someone spied on a distant hillside what looked to be a horse down in a ditch. Several people were grouped about the object, whatever it might be. This afforded those on the bank a crumb of interest, if not of comfort. Also there suddenly appeared as if from nowhere, a red-coated figure leading a horse along a little by-way, almost hidden by the gorse-grown banks which lined it. This offered food for speculation, as to how and why one so soon had had enough of the sport. A little later, a loose horse, with reins and stirrups flapping, came down the same little by-way in a trot. He too apparently had decided to hunt no more that day, and without his rider, was headed homeward.

The group on the bank felt their interest revive. Grief and trouble had imparted flavor to the placid landscape lying so peacefully before them.

Forty-five minutes had now elapsed, as witness somebody's large silver watch, which was looked at and closed with a loud snap.

"They be gone a long way", said the owner of the watch. Many guesses had been hazarded as to where hounds had gone, and it was therefore quite possible that someone had guessed right. They lingered on, encouraged.

Suddenly one declared, "I hear 'em!" The retired huntsman, being deaf, had to rely on the ears of his companions.

"They be comin' this way!" "Back to the cover!" Several others heard them, and the deaf man, whose old eyes were un-

dimmed, however dull his ears might be, broke into the conversation with the assurance of one announcing an incontrovertible fact.

"I see 'em," he said. What remarkable old eyes he had! Nobody else could see them, until he pointed out the exact spot. Then they all saw what they had come to see, a great pack of hounds in action. Yes, there they came, no bigger than flies at that distance, a swarm of them, that looked to be the whole pack.

"There's nobody with 'em!" "The Master'll soon show up." "Back to cover they be comin' for sure."

And predicted that Tom Dale, the first whip, would be the first to appear, Dale being a relative of his, and therefore entitled to high rating.

"There be nobody there yet," spoke one with a note of pessimism in his voice, if not of disgust.

Hounds had progressed very rapidly having crossed several fields, quite unattended by anybody whatever. It began to look bad for Master, whips and all the rest of the gallant company who had started so valiantly.

"The Master'll come yet, he will." The voice of the old huntsman again. "I see the fox!"

"D'ye see the fox, John? Say, where do ye see him, man?" "He's far ahead of 'em, pointin' straight for the cover here. See there by the two big trees. See there right between 'em."

They all declared they saw him, whether they did or not. It was an achievement to be proud of, seeing a fox so far away, and a sight not to be forgotten soon, that of a hunted fox crossing a big open country, coming straight towards them, with hounds a quarter of a mile behind him. The patience of the watchers had been rewarded. Nothing in the whole range of earthly happenings could present to them a more interesting view, unless perhaps the winning of a race by a horse carrying their bets.

"He's comin' back." Thus spoke a wizened old chap with pipe in mouth and eyes like a weasel. "He'll not get to ground in this bit of gorse, I'll warrant ye. I've got every hole stopped since midnight."

The fox was heading toward the far side of the five-acre tract, gorse-grown, which they called the cover, so the presence of these men was not likely to divert him. Eagerly they watched every movement of the mysterious little beast, of no value whatever in himself, except as an appropriate sacrifice to the gods who promote the joy of life for mortals. His entire species would long since have passed away but for his peculiar fitness to give thrills to well-mounted human beings. Better that this fox should come to sudden and violent death than that he and his mate and children be poisoned or shot or tortured in traps, as would happen were this not a hunting-country. Better also the death of a fox to further the joy of life after a mad scamper across country than of all the other creatures which go to slaughter-houses to furnish meat for our bellies. Better a thousand times, the fate of this fox than that of all the poor dogs, cats, guinea-pigs and others which are mutilated and destroyed in the cause of science. What is the death of a fox or of anything else but the other side of the page of life which nature turns over.

Continued on Page Nineteen

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# Lost Hounds

Continued From Page Eighteen

We cannot let all the foxes live to old age or they would over-run the country and die of starvation. Still watching the fox intently, they on top of the bank, concerned themselves not at all with these considerations. They uttered such exclamations as, "A good un he is. See him go! Aye, there he comes over the bank." They were so intent upon the fox that they failed to see a small speck of red come into view at quite a different angle of direction.

Again it was the old huntsman whose eyes peering out from beneath gray brows picked up the red spot.

"There be someone riding. See there further to the west—west of the old tower on the far hill—see there!"

Again they all saw it. The relative of Tom Dale at once asserted that it was Tom himself, another could even recognize the horse as one ridden by the second whip, a stalwart young man whose business it was to do everything which no one else wanted to do. Yet it was remembered that Tom Dale rode a gray horse and this speck of red was so much nearer while they watched that they were sure whoever it might be, was astride of a dark horse. Then complete disagreement was reached as to the color of horses ridden by the hunt staff today and confusion reigned in their minds.

"I tell 'e, it's the Master, and no one else in sight. 'E's seen or 'eard 'is hounds, 'e 'as. 'E's cutting across."

Whoever it might turn out to be, the speck of red, now grown larger, was on its way, cutting diagonally across the valley, somewhat as a spider might crawl across a large green leaf, yet by no means at random. The course of the red spot with respect to the topography of the land and the obstacles in its way suggested the control of a thinking pilot with a definite destination in view, which destination was the very spot where stood the attentive watchers.

Now hounds were gaining rapidly on the fox, yet the latter obviously would reach the cover and no doubt, was saving his strength.

A minute later and he had darted over the bank and disappeared in the gorse. Now came hounds screaming across the last field of turf, and poured into the gorse at the precise point where the fox had entered. At once they were lost to sight but not to hearing, for their wild chant rang out, exultant and fierce, as if some band of unseen nature-gods were voicing supernatural ecstasies. They were slow getting through the prickly gorse, however, and when the fox was viewed away out of the opposite end of the cover, he had gained upon them. He was out of sight over a bit of rising ground before they were half through the gorse, yet out they went in due time, right upon his line, with heads high and in full cry.

Now the watchers could see the red-coated horsemen quite plainly.

"It's the Master! I told 'e."

"Aye. It's the Master."

They whooped to him, they waved hats, sticks and mufflers, and he must have seen them, but it made no difference in his direction, as he was coming straight towards them anyway. No doubt he had seen them standing there so prominently for the last mile or two. Then they saw others coming, far back, just a few stragglers, all riding desperately. The landscape was alive with interest.

On came the Master, over the far bank into the bordering field of turf, from which he had departed so hurriedly an hour ago, the great chestnut striding steadily on.

"They've gone out the far side!" they shouted to him, waving everything they could, with frantic vehemence. He waved his cap in reply.

"They've gone away westward." He heard them and turned his horse's head to the bank which intervened between him and the road, cantering lightly up to it, popped over, turned right handed on the road, and went clattering off at a merry pace. The big horse was no longer a bright chestnut, but dark with mud and sweat, liver-chestnut now, all but the two patches of lather where the reins touched his neck, and his nostrils were open very wide. Soon he had the Master abreast of his hounds as the latter hunted on, parallel with the road. Then a sudden pull-up, a quick turn to the right, a grand leap out of the road and they were in the same field with hounds, the Master alone, of all the one hundred who had started. All of it cannot be told. It would take all night. Besides, it is only one day in a whole season, where a man may hunt seven days a week, if he be really man enough. Yet it might be interesting to know how the Master knew hounds had turned back. He came across their foot-tracks in the mud, fresh tracks pointing southward when they had been hunting northward the last he saw of them. He guessed the rest of it, divined it, with the help of a black-haired farmer's lass who ran out from the yard as he passed nearby, and waved him on.

Of course the dozen or more of the field, who also got with hounds had their tales to tell too, but who would listen to so many talking at once? They thought the hunt was over when hounds returned to cover, thought no fox, after the great ring he had run, would ever start away again, but he ran five miles further and was not finished till thirty minutes of galloping had come to pass which none of them will soon forget.

There were twelve tired horses which through that thirty minutes followed the Master's chestnut; and eight tired men and four tired women who had all they wanted of galloping and jumping that day and had no difficulty to stop their horses, when they saw hounds ahead down by a little brook, all jumbled together in a welter of confusion; saw the Master slip from his saddle and wade in waist-deep among the struggling hounds to take the brush from what was left of the fox. The red-cheeked farmer's daughter to whom the trophy was presented, was very happy as she rode back twelve miles to her home. Doubtless the white-tipped wisp of fur will hang upon her wall forever and a day, her choicest possession. No fox ever lost his life in a better cause. This one has gone to join all the other gallant foxes of days gone by, all the game-birds which have fallen to the guns, all the trout and salmon which have been betrayed by artificial flies, and maybe some of those good men and women who have broken their necks out hunting.

Such days are works of art in the sense of being contributions to the beautiful things of life. It was as if the Master, the great chestnut gelding and the twenty couple of hounds, had woven deftly a thread of gold, not of tinsel, into the web of human activities which overspreads the world.

## FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION HUNT

Fort Bliss, Texas. Established 1933. Recognized 1939.

The 1st Cavalry Division Hunt had the pleasure of welcoming Lt. Andy Fowler, Joint M. F. H. of the Essex Hunt, to the hunting field on our last hunt. Lt. Fowler joined the 1st Cavalry Division recently, from Fort Riley and we are keeping him busy helping exercise hounds during the dark hours of the early morning.

Hounds met at the Field Artillery Drill Field at 0900, January 10th. The first run was towards Baker's Well, the second towards Tobins Ruins and the third towards the Magazines. Hounds were in fine fettle and due to the remarkably good scenting conditions, fast runs were had. After hounds were lifted and as we were hacking home, a coyote was viewed to the West of the Air Base. The pack was put on and immediately went away in full cry. Our quarry ran South, parallel to Biggs Field with "Marvel" hard on his heels. The remainder of the pack was just behind "Marvel" and we had visions of a fast run and faster kill. However, the coyote circled towards Plane-port and despite our most frantic efforts, got away safely by going off the reservation.

## Present Hounds

Continued from Page Fifteen

them and tell them when and where to hark, but no hound should need to be herded to a line. If a hound has the right stuff in him he should try his best to get there as soon as possible.

On the other hand how many men could send an indifferent hound to the pack when necessary, and how often would they get the opportunity? What happens when no one is there when a hound needs to be rated on? Some American hounds would quit the hunt if someone cracked a whip near them to rate them on.

A huntsman needs tractable, train-

## PRINCESS ANNE HUNT

Norfolk, Princess Anne County, Virginia. Established 1927. Recognized 1937.

There are 3 stables at Virginia Beach where good horses can be rented to hunt or ride. Clarence Tyne's, Rosemont stables and Restmere Riding Academy.

The navy has sent us Lieut. Milford T. Schiek, of the Bridle Spur Hunt Club of St. Louis, he plans to get in some riding while stationed in the Norfolk area.

The Richmond Minute Men, a horsed unit, for home guard duty. Captained by Jim Wheat and their Lieutenant is Walter Craigie, they drill regularly and have around 100 men it is stated.

Mrs. Fontaine Maury Watson is in San Antonio, Texas, visiting. Husband, Tom Watson was decorated last year for bravery in action in the South Pacific.

It is with regret that we report the death of William McKimmie, outstanding horseman of Richmond, he was very active with the Deep Run.

Mrs. Richard Keeley's 2-year-old Diya is stable at Tony Darden's, at the beach, developing nicely.

Mrs. Henry Jarvis has a stable of four down here, which give the Jarvises plenty to do exercising them. Gerry Midgett.

ed hounds, but his methods have a lot to do with how much he can get out of his hounds. No hound can obey if he doesn't know, or isn't able to distinguish the various commands; voice, horn, whip and visible signals.

A hound has a sharp ear for tones and inflections. Any man experienced with hounds knows that hounds can tell what their pack mates are doing when they open on a line. They know when a hound is cold trailing and respond instantly when he hits it hot. They aren't fooled many times by a babbler or unsteady hound. This shows they know the different voices in the pack apart.

To Be Concluded.

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# In The Country:-



## Ensign Porter Visits Home

Ensign S. Prentice Porter, ex-Joint Master of Cobbler Hunt, was home prior to leaving for three weeks' schooling in Florida. Ensign Porter hopes to be back again for two or three weeks' leave after completing the course.

## Racing at Phoenix

A group of prominent businessmen and sportsmen are boosting the opening of the half-mile track at Phoenix, Ariz., which will get under way about the middle of February. The Driving Park track, situated about 1 mile east of the Fair Grounds, is being remodeled, the turns are being banked and seven-eighths and five-eighths chutes are being installed.

## Camden Vacant

Word comes from Harry D. Kirkover that to date there aren't any 'chasers wintering at Camden. The course is ready for schooling, the footing is always good and the ground does not freeze, so is never hard. The weather has been delightful and all conditions have been ideal for winter quarters. Mr. Kirkover had the following to say: "Such is war. It is all right—our big job, and it is a big job, is winning the war. It is the most important task we have ever been confronted with. It is going to take time—a long time and the sooner we become reconciled to going all out, the sooner it will be over."

## Horse Sports At the Resorts

Foxhunting at Southern Pines, La. Fiesta de Los Vaqueros at Tuscon. The Southern Arizona Dude Ranchers are all active at this time.

## Miss Margaret Klipstein Marries

Miss Margaret Klipstein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Klipstein, Jr. of Greenwich, Conn., was married last week to Lieutenant William Edmund Larned, Jr., U. S. A., who has just graduated from West Point. Miss Klipstein is well known in the horse circle of Greenwich and the New York state. Lieut. Larned comes from a 'ng line of West Pointers.

## War College Assignment

Colonel George I. Smith, cavalry, is the new post commandant of the headquarters of the Army Ground Forces, located at the Army War College. Colonel Smith in recent years was with the 9th Cavalry at Fort Riley.

## No Curtailment

At a meeting of the Board of Governors of Wythmore Hounds, called because of the recent OPA ban on pleasure driving, it was decided to have all the meets within hacking distance so that no driving would be necessary. Fortunately this is possible in the territory and as a result the fields have been just as large as ever. The staff anticipates no curtailment or slowing up of hunting for Wythmore Hounds the balance of the season.

## Piedmont Point-to-Point

There has been no word that the Piedmont point-to-point will not be held. However, by the time the next issue goes to press, definite plans should be on hand from Lt. Paul Mellon, who is currently stationed at Fort Riley, Kan.

## Sid Hirst in Coast Guard

Sid Hirst of Four Pines Farm, Chester Springs, Pa., is now a seaman 1st class in the Coast Guard with charge of the stable unit at Rehoboth Beach, Del. This will probably mean he will have a rating in a short time, as the detail calls for such recognition.

## Rokeby Stables' Mares

Of the 5 Rokeby Stables Thoroughbred mares to be bred, Top Gem, ch., 1934, by Flag Pole—Rock Emerald, by Trap Rock, a winner on the flat as a 2-year-old, will be bred to Brookmeade's Psychic Bid; Ruella, b., 1931, by Horron—Rural, by Moharib, and Lady Gainsborough, b., 1940, by Sweeping Light—\*Miss Gainsborough, by Gainsborough will be bred to Brookmeade's Okapi. Sunchance, b., 1932, by Chance Shot—Sundina, by \*Sun Briar has been shipped to the court of Johnstown in Kentucky. Float, by Man o'War—\*Queen of Jest, by Black Jester, recently purchased from Faraway Farm, will go to Menow.

## Riviera Notes

Jack Holt is now commissioned a captain in the Remount Service, and leaves shortly for Fort Francis Warren, Wyoming.

Miss Jackie Paley recently disposed of her well known winner, Frosted Sunbeam, to Miss Beverly Chudacoff. Lee Butler is another well known horseman who has gone to Fort Riley.

Clyde Van Dusen is arranging to winter some Thoroughbreds at the Riviera Country Club, so as to be on hand should Hollywood Park track open this summer.

## That First Big Jump!

Test pilot Sergievsky has set 6 world's records for Inventor Sikorsky's ships, during the time that he has been trying them out to see what they will really do, or if they will fly at all. After one of these especially notable occasions the two of them were tendered a dinner. As there was no flying to do, the good test pilot proceeded to relax over his cups. The sum total of his conversation during the entire evening was a mumbled "four foot six, four foot six," repeated at intervals. As this obviously had nothing to do with the 28,000 feet or whatever the present particular achievement was in terms of footage, his fellow diners wanted enlightenment. Here is what was found:—The good pilot had been taking riding lessons in his off time, had at last taken a horse over four feet six—to a man who made a living out of flying Sikorsky products very fast, very far and far higher, had jumped four feet six. Evidently it was true, that the feat of getting over four feet six from topside of a horse presented a feat that stuck in his mind even though he was being dined and not a little wine for going far higher.

## Calling Miss Marguerite Preece

We will be delighted to send along the issues containing the article you mentioned, but you failed to give us an address. Most girls who write in here fail on the date, but the address is something new and very necessary in this case. Thank you in anticipation.

## Dr. Sanderson Resigns

One of the most prominent figures in District hunt circles recently stepped out of the active class when Dr. Fred Sanderson, for 10 years a joint-master of the Potomac Hunt relinquished his post. Dr. Sanderson officiated as M. F. H. with Col. Harry Semmes, who now is smashing Axis tanks in Northern Africa. Dr. Joseph Horgan and Claude Owen have taken over as acting masters.

## Engagement Announced

Aviation Cadet Frazer Dougherty, son of Major and Mrs. Graham Dougherty of Woodley, Berryville is engaged to Miss Page Caroline Huidekoper, of the Washington Times-Herald staff, it is announced. Mrs. J. C. Rathborne, he of polo fame, is a sister to Miss Huidekoper. Mrs. William Bell Watkins, Jr. is a sister to Cadet Dougherty. Hence there is a linking of intense horse interests.

## Racing In Illinois

It does not one's morale any harm to look at the "almighty dollar" that the race tracks out in Illinois have in mind for 1943. The Arlington Classic of \$50,000 added, and the American Derby of the same sum, really make one have faith in the coming season, as far as class of things to

race for are concerned. There were 91 nominations for the Classic and 88 for the Derby. Then the big 3-year-old fixtures brought the total nominations up to 899, hardly believable that there are so many fair race horses willing to gain nomination. It bodes well for mid-west affairs.

## Finney to Coast Guard

Humphrey Finney, field secretary of the Maryland Horse Breeders Association, and editor of the Maryland Horse Magazine since its founding in 1936, has accepted a position as administrative assistant to the District Coast Guard Officer of the Seventh Naval District in matters pertaining to the Mounted Beach Patrol. Although Finney will control the publication of the magazine from Florida, Miss Priscilla Fuller, as newly appointed associate editor, will act in conjunction with him.

## Proud Father

Marrian Curran, Sr., M. F. H. of the Indian Spring Hunt, near Silver Springs, Md., is a proud father these days as his two horsemen sons have joined Uncle Sam's service. Marrian, Jr. is in the Army Air Forces, while 19-year-old Carroll managed to stay near the horses by getting in the Mounted Coast Guard.

## Division Champion

Capt. and Mrs. Fred J. Hughes, Jr. (she the former Skippy Steig) who were home on leave recently from their station at Fort Bliss, Texas, brought with them a very interesting account of Jackie Warren's David. This spotted grey son of Bon Nuit was sent to Texas by his young owner for schooling by the Hugheses. Under their tutelage he has so developed that Col. "Tommy" Thompson, who also is stationed at Bliss, and who rode Jenny Camp in the 1936 Olympics, thinks David will be a great contestant in that competition whenever and whenever war conditions may make it possible for them to be resumed. David, Skippy said is touted as being the Division Champion down there, having won 5 blues, a second and a third out of 7 classes in their shows.

## Honorary Whip

Miss Della Hagner, young daughter of Mrs. Randle Hagner of Washington and Potomac, Md., has just recently been appointed as honorary whip of the Potomac Hunt. The Hagners' lovely estate, Whitstone, is in the heart of the hunting country.

## Princess Anne Notes

### By Gerry Midgett

Mr. A. T. Taylor of Norfolk has added a Lord Baltimore colt to his stable. He has a spacious farm on the Court House road in Princess Anne. We hope to do some hunting there before the season is over. Hear foxes are plentiful.

Mr. Ben Willis, new Tidewater Horse Show president, is entertaining his many horse friends at an oyster roast this Sunday at his Carolanne Farms. Some are coming by horseback because of the new driving ban.

Patricia Maury Thraves has joined the WAAC's and will go to Daytona Beach, Florida for her training. Her sister, Mrs. John DuFrane is enlisting as a Navy nurse.

## Hampton Hunting

Mr. Tom White of Hampton, Va. is a very determined man about his hunting. He has a grand pack of hounds over there and was used to putting them in the back of his automobile and traveling the county, hunting in all different sections. But this new ban has stopped the use of his automobile, so he has purchased a horse and cart. He puts the hounds in this covered cart, hooks the horse up and drives to the place he desires, unharnesses and tacks up, lets the hounds out and is now enjoying hunting more than ever.

We are hoping by spring to get a little schooling show organized and with Mrs. George Watts Hill's permission have it at the Quail Roost. There is a nice large paddock that can be used for a ring and also an outside course for some of the hunter classes. We know that it is going to be hard for people in the Norfolk section and across the river to attend but hope the gas situation will improve enough to allow one or two little ventures. If not, there are enough horses in riding distance to make up a couple classes.

The Princess Anne Hunt with its

good pack of hounds jumped two foxes last Saturday. They started around nine-thirty that morning and stayed out until late afternoon. Plans are being made for a nice hunt on the 30th and breakfast.

## Letters To Editor

Continued from Page Ten

in your columns, and I am glad to have the extra copies. I shall send them out as indicated. You have worked out a clever idea and I hope you will receive suitable returns on it. They should be a help to us with our show, too, as we definitely plan to have breeding classes this year, and will contact these breeders mentioned in the story.

I am sending you the date of the Denver Horse Show—hope it will be in time for the current issue.

Mrs. Lathrop is delighted to have The Chronicle.

Sincerely, Margaret Leonard Casper, Wyoming.

(Note:—And that is how the news of the horse world goes and comes from east to west and back again. Editor.)

## NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We welcome the following new subscribers to The Chronicle for the week of January 29th, 1943:

Mr. Meriwether Wright, New York.  
Mr. James F. McHugh, Connecticut.  
Mr. Walker Burll, Ohio.  
Miss Sada Paine, Maryland.  
Mr. E. D. Tayloe, Virginia.  
Mr. Charles E. Kraus, Maryland.  
Mr. C. P. Edwards, Jr., Tennessee.  
Mr. Edwin H. Kesel, New York.  
Pvt. W. Chadwell, New York.  
Mr. Stanley Searles, Maryland.

## Classified Ads

WILL PURCHASE—Young hunter, suitable for young lady. Conformation and hunting experience important. Must be reasonably priced. Send photograph and details to Box H, The Chronicle, Middleburg, Va. 1t chg.

POSITION WANTED — Experienced horseman to take charge of hunter stable or breeding farm. Expert conditioner, instructor. Middle-aged; married. Box 32, Berryville, Va. 1t pd.

WANTED — Settled single colored groom for 4 hunters. Must do some farm work in spare time. All living expenses, pleasant surroundings, permanent work. \$50 per month. Write Dr. J. Wesley Edel, RFD No. 2, Ellicott City, Md. 1t chg.

FARMER—Man, single, exp. care of 3 horse stable, vegetable garden, chickens, dogs, able to drive car. Own room, bath. Write giving full exp. and ref. to Hale Steinman, 8 W. King St., Lancaster, Pa. 1-22 2t chg.

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